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ARLINGTON A NEW FRONTIER

By

CECIL CHITTENDEN

Ross

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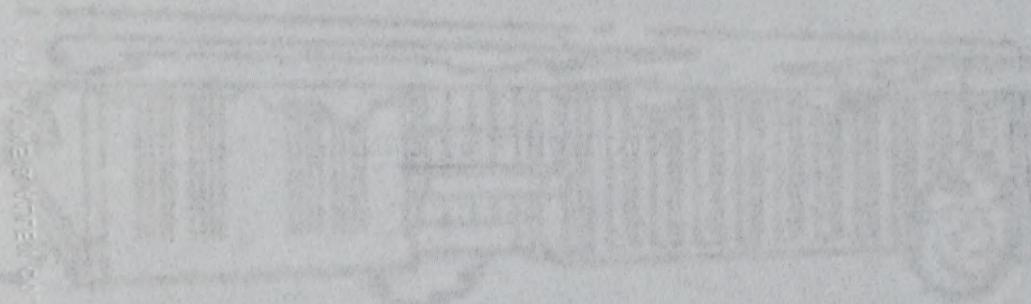
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THE CROWN PLATE
1991 COMMEMORATIVE



OF LOST MINE AND MISTED
AND VAGUE DREAMS

1917224



CECIL CHITTENDEN (LYN ROSS)

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DEDICATED TO
YOUR ARLINGTON AND MINE

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION — CROSS-ROAD TO DESTINY	1
I L'ENFANT'S DREAM	5
II A ROYAL GIFT	8
III LEGEND OF THE LEES	17
IV THE BLUE AND THE GRAY	22
V BENEATH THESE STONES	25
VI UPPER-CLASS GENTLEMEN	32
VII A CAPITOL IN THE WILDERNESS	36
VIII THE PENTAGON	41
IX ARLINGTON FARMS	50
X CHURCHES THRIVE	56
XI SCHOOLS	75
XII PUBLIC UTILITIES	80
XIII WOMEN AT WORK	84
XIV CIVIC ASSOCIATIONS.....	94
XV AROUND THE COURT HOUSE	101
XVI SAEGMUELLER SAGA	105
XVII THE FRASERS	108
XVIII LURID INTERVALS	114
XIX A NEW FRONTIER	117
APPENDIX	121

64. CHURCHILL

AND THE IRISH FREE STATE



BY JAMES MORRISON, M.A., PH.D., F.R.S.

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON

INTRODUCTION

CROSS-ROAD TO DESTINY

This rambling narrative has three reasons for being. One—in hunting data for a feature story, I found little but a few scattered articles concerning some particular place or event. Not even an approximate history of this richly historical spot. Two—as one-time editor of its one daily paper, I came very close, indeed, to Arlington's heart during these war years. Three—I wanted to write it!

Three years ago—April, 1943, to be exact—I rolled into Arlington over Key Bridge in one of Mr. Arnold's buses. The day was young and perfect—clean-washed from recent showers. Having absorbed a heavenly sunrise (daylight saving time) across Analostan Island, the heart was light and the world mine oyster. In answer to an ad, I was on my way to see what was on the other end of the line.

I had dropped into Washington shortly before with an overnight bag and my typewriter, to spend a day or so; view old haunts; interview old friends and glimpse Washington in wartime. I'm still here, but have moved from the overnight bag into a roomier domicile wangled from an unwary realtor.

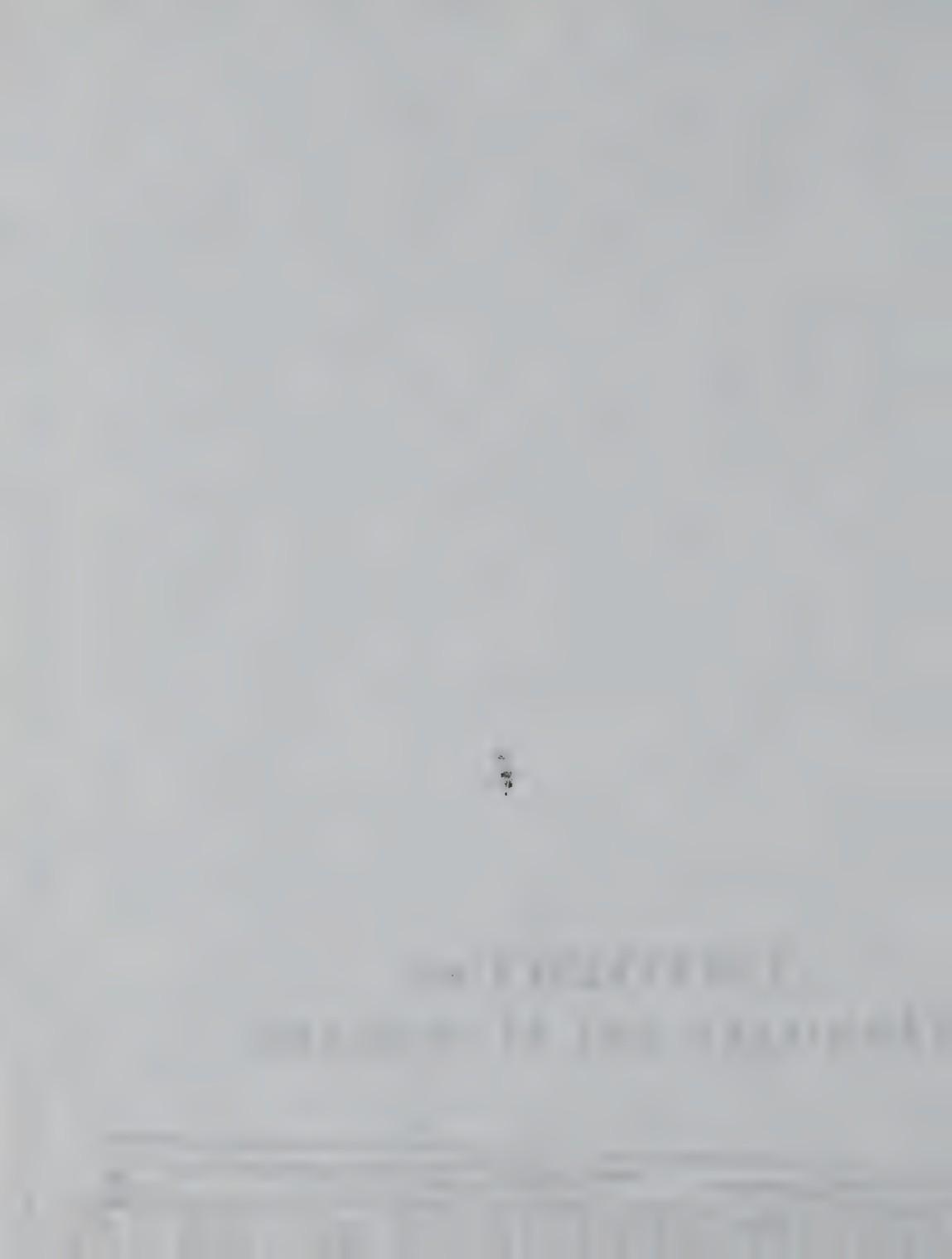
Arlington surely "walked in beauty" that morning. Fresh and dewy as the day itself, she was arrayed in greens, vibrant and varied as they were rich. Forests primeval! Protected by the forest trees, stalwart and inspiring, thrived the more domestic shrubbery. One caught glimpses of neat cottages; red-bud, dogwood, pink and white; belated forsythia; fountain-like bridal wreath, syringa, blue and yellow iris, all blooming their heads off and fenced in by abundant hedges not too well trimmed. Spring was offering an opulent and delightful panorama.

The radiant attractions of the white Hot Shoppe with its orange-tiled roof on Rosslyn Circle caught the eye, and the eye was held by the towering spire of the red brick building behind the Hot Shoppe—a building reminiscent of old world pretensions—Danzig, Koenigsburg, perhaps. The clock in that steeple registered the death of Time, that is so far as the clock itself was concerned. It was and still is resting at 4:40—whether A. M. or P. M., who knows? Perhaps it's a hangover from a lively night before.

Making a perfect semi-circle and plunging into a nest of pawn shops and credit associations, Mr. Arnold's bus bowled down Moore Street—a short but not too sweet thoroughfare. Back doors of enterprising businesses yawned at me. There were low-swung structures, cluttery but utilitarian, without doubt, their fronts facing along Fort Myer Drive. Moore Street's dead-end was reached two blocks up where a long red brick building belied an intriguing sign placed at its rear—"ROCK OF AGES." A puzzler that, for the sides of the building declared in no uncertain terms at one end, "Abe Cohen and Sons, Manufacturers of Jiffy Products," while the other end called itself "The Woolery" (blankets, sweaters, woolens cleaned). All very confusing until one walks around to the opposite side of the establishment to discover a pretty, well-groomed spot facing Fort Myer Drive, where monuments and grave markers are on display. Rock of Ages!

Turning right and pausing for a green go-sign, we began the last mile. Where was Washington all this while? Away behind—in a dim and distant past—on the other side of the river—forgotten! As we pulled up the long hill, lined with small shops, their shining windows flaunting new haberdashery, gay frocks, silly hats for us girls to wear, flower shops, realty offices and other signs of Spring, I made my first investment in Arlington—an investment of time and energy and—affection—believe it or not!

To be sure I'd been in Arlington before. Usually with friends in some one's else car, prowling about trying to find an address—hopeless after dark—or the location of the Little Tea House—always a treat, but a deep, dark mystery as to how we



got there or how we got back. It still is. Once I had even travelled alone—just for the trip—on a quaint little interurban street car, which struggled up the long climb and on to Great Falls, with the aid of electricity but romped back largely of its own volition. That was in Cherrydale's proud years—Cherrydale as luscious as its name. Then, too, when I came to Washington after this war began, friends toted me over one Sunday to view the goings-on in Virginia. As we passed some of the new developments, I gave one look at the pits, the rubble, the clay banks and new buildings facing this way or that without apparent rhyme or reason—myriads of new buildings. "Well, folks," I declared, decisively, as is my wont, "Well, folks, it just can't be done—by human hands. Only a miracle can unsnarl THIS place!"

THAT was Colonial Village. Look at it NOW!

When Clarendon Circle hove in view, I stared. Half way round, small thriving shops and stores, cafes, office buildings, all low of stature, but simply shouting prosperity. On the far side of the Circle—only blue horizon—enormous quantities of it, bearded with under-brush, much of it left over from years long gone. Dead-end streets, chained in, spindling roads—bearing two of the proudest, most romantic names in American history—Washington Boulevard and Fairfax Drive. Through Fairfax Drive's center, far as eye could see, stretched a wealth of weeds, and such traffic that has courage to follow the drive must dash from one side of the weed patch to the other. It still needs a shave. A few blocks from the Circle a little wooden church stands on a corner, at its side a tiny family graveyard jutting more than half-way into the street which carefully swings around it!

"So, this is Arlington," I said to myself, loving it every minute. "Well, Arlington, here is my hat. It is off to you—find me a peg to hang it on."

As an interested "ouslander," I've watched Arlington come to a fork in her road to destiny. One hundred full, rounded years—years that border on the quaint and unusual as well as the magnificent, lie behind her. What is she now facing and—how will she meet it?

There is always terrific conflict between the old and the new. Perhaps it is time to quit being quaint. Many Arlingtonians would rather follow the old, well-worn paths, forgetful of responsibility to the new generation of their own flesh and blood as well as the "ouslanders," who through force of circumstances dwell within their midst. Certain physical functions go with good health and progress, whether in humans or in communities such as throwing off wastes; regenerating the tissues and, just plain growth. When growth is retarded, in a live creature or a town—the withering process begins.

And Arlington is aware that across the Potomac, Washington waits with a gleam in the eye!

One fork in Arlington's Road to Destiny leads to normal development both spiritually and physically. May I venture to predict this will be her chosen path? That she will go all out on her own—become no Metropolis' poor relation? That the first hundred years of your Arlington and Mine has been but a prelude—a prelude to paeons of greater glory—a PRELUDE TO PROGRESS.

I

L'ENFANT'S DREAM

WHO can say what or where is the beginning—of anything? So, before delving into the FIRST 100 YEARS, so-called, of Arlington, about which this narrative revolves, let us pry a little deeper into the farther Past, a past rich in its traditions; a past alive with personalities as outstanding, as remarkable as any to be found anywhere in the annals of America. Truly, Arlington has every reason to strut a bit.

Tossed across the hills and dales of Northern Virginia like a huge jigsaw puzzle—and just about as confusing to a stranger—lie the once tiny hamlets of Arlington County, now grown to man-size and well-nigh hopelessly ensnarled in a net-work of winding lanes and one-time cow-paths which apparently seek the lines of least resistance to the outer world, regardless. The tiny cross-roads towns have mushroomed into over-lapping communities—developing into a section of America as unique as it is interesting—a new frontier!

From the hills of Arlington over-looking the Potomac, L'Enfant undoubtedly envisioned the City of Washington—dreamed a dream that entranced him—a dream from which has sprung a great Capitol which in less than two centuries of its inception now dominates the world.

With President Washington, the French genius, L'Enfant, famous as an engineer and an American patriot, trudged and rode over every foot of the area ceded to our infant Republic by Maryland and Virginia, searching for a site on which to form the nucleus of our Capitol.

I like to think it was on a brisk spring morning that the two horsemen in riding togs, capes tossed about their shoulders,

climbed afoot on some tangled path leading to Arlington Manor, their mounts crushing the brush behind them.

"A bit winded, eh, Mon Ami?" L'Enfant may have queried, halting upon the crest of a high bluff and smiling back at his companion. "'Tis rough going through this thorny brush along this ridge. W-h-s-sh— I'm breathless!"

"Nay, I'm not winded, Major. And by all odds," chuckled Washington, "ye should be a better man than I."

"City pavements are poor training for hill climbing."

"Right you are, Major. Besides I've climbed these foot hills since I began to toddle." Washington faced about. "This is the spot," he said.

The Frenchman focused his glasses and looked slowly around him. Suddenly he gave a quick gasp. "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. Then, after several moments' silence, his gaze fixed on the horizon toward the East, "Mon Dieu!" he murmured again, forgetting his friend. "Beautiful! Beautiful!"

Dramatically, his long arm shot out, his tall frame leaning forward. "Do you not see it, Mon Generale? There—there, across the river toward the sun—that blue-green knoll tipped with rosy mists, the sun coming up behind—"

"Jenkins' Mount," answered Washington, laconically. "'Tis a glorious sunrise, indeed."

"'Tis not the sunrise, Generale, I'm thinking of. THERE shall rise our Capitol—all about it, the city—Washington City—a CITY SET UPON A HILL!"

"Aye" murmured the President. "A City on the hill—A City Set Upon a Hill, Cannot Be Hid!" He pondered a moment. "Those were the words of Christ in His Sermon On The Mount."

Thus Arlington took her place in the passing parade of the years preceding the building of the Nation's Capitol. Now as one looks from that same Arlington Ridge along the Potomac, there ranges a panorama so striking, so extensive, so deep in its backdrop, the eye cannot catch it in all its magnificence. A scene of beauty at any time of the year with exciting vistas; rare trees towering over gleaming pillared buildings; the templed hills of

Georgetown; monuments of breath-taking grace; enchanting parks—all beneath a canopy of sky that never fails in its awful loveliness. Did L'Enfant see all this? Perhaps he did!

II

A ROYAL GIFT

IS there a school child in America not familiar with the stirring career of that gay Cavalier, Sir Walter Raleigh, young English adventurer who started all this rush of immigration to Virginia, way back—well who wants to remember when? He was presented a very liberal charter by Elizabeth, Virgin Queen of England, for whom he named the richly endowed country he saw about him when he landed. The two ships he commanded were loaded with others as venturesome as himself and thus began the English system of colonization which eventually made Great Britain so powerful.

Later, Charles II, of England, while in exile at the time his father, Charles I, was beheaded, rewarded the loyalty of the Earl of Arlington and Lord Culpeper by slicing off a generous chunk of land and handing it over to them with gratitude and relief that it was not his own curled head that had tumbled into the basket. This generosity proved more than a gesture, for when Charles II ascended to the throne, these land grants were made good.

In turn, in 1674, Lord Culpeper gave to Col. Nicholas Spencer and Lieut. John Washington, 5,000 acres of land in Stafford County, Virginia, which embraced Westmoreland, Prince William, Fairfax and Arlington Counties and the City of Alexandria. Land was more than cheap in those days, acres to be had for a dime a dozen. Previous to the above transaction, Arlington was a part of the grant made to one Robert Howson, sea captain, by Sir William Berkeley, then Governor of Virginia. That was in 1669 and Howson, seeing that he couldn't tote his acreage to sea with him, traded it off to the Alexander family, founders of that lively little city located at one corner of the Arlington triangle as

it now exists. The Alexanders sold it in turn to John Custis for three hogsheads of tobacco—or was it six? Historians differ as to the count, and who am I to determine the right number?

John Custis built a Manor House upon the land—all of four rooms, married, then rose to fame as the father of the first spouse of Martha Dandridge Custis Washington.

From that on, Arlington has dwelt in the shadow of every important epoch in our national history.

John Custis rose to some slight eminence back in 1687 by receiving a commission as collector of customs in certain sections of Virginia. His family originated in Holland and was of ancient lineage there as well as in America. John, a forceful man in many respects, possessed an originality of thought and virility of expressing those thoughts, which made him outstanding, even in that day of blunt speech. He was not politically ambitious and took little part in affairs of that day although he was not averse to carrying arms for his country.

When he combined the Custis and Parke families by marrying the vivacious Frances Parke, the union seemed auspicious. Frances, however, was as high-spirited and determined as John and the marriage turned out as wretchedly as a Hollywood affair. Divorces were not fashionable in those days, apparently, so John contented himself by waiting until after his death for his revenge as posterity has learned from the satiric epitaph John caused to be inscribed on his tomb. It ran like this:

“Under this marble tomb lies the Body
of The Hon. John Custis, Esq.
of the City of Williamsburg and the
Parish of Burton, formerly
Hengard’s Parish on the
Eastern Shore
of Virginia and County of Northampton
aged 71 years and yet who lived but seven
Years, which space of time he kept
a bachelor’s home at Arlington
on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.”

John Custis proved a good hater but his son, who vowed that he was compelled by threats of disinheritance, to have the above epitaph inscribed on his parent's tombstone, attempted to soften the blast by placing on the opposite side of the tomb an apology, stating it was done by positive orders of his father.

Marble, however, hard as it is, eventually succumbs to time and the elements and the tomb, like the Master of Arlington Manor himself, has long since crumbled into the Virginia clay.

It was John Custis who gave to the huge estate he acquired, the name of Arlington, because of his intense admiration for the Earl of Arlington, his personal friend.

Two of the four children, born to himself and Frances, who, by the way, died before her embittered spouse and never knew of the hateful epitaph, survived to maturity. One a daughter, Fanny, evidently as fiery as her mother, married against her father's wishes and was forthwith disowned—permanently.

Small wonder that Mrs. John Custis was such a vixen. Her own father, Daniel Parke, was a remarkable man. Liking politics, he was made a general and sent as Governor of Leeward Islands, December 7, 1819. He wrote often to his family that his heart, however, was in Virginia. Apparently the lure of court life and the sense of power kept the gentleman at the capital of Antigua—to his ultimate destruction. An opposition party sprang up. In an attempt to oust him from his seat of the mighty, his house was attacked with shot and shell. Parke was shot in the thigh which kept him from escaping from his tormentors. Nipping him, they dragged him down the stone steps of his palace, bumpity-bump, kicking and beating him, with an occasional stab in the side, until he begged them in the name of decency and mercy to let him die in peace. Finally, they tossed him upon the steps of his house but kept watch to see that no one gave him aid or succor. A kindly woman tried to help him, but was forced aside by the angry crew who told her they would destroy her, too.

At sundown, a friend was permitted to take him into a neighbor's house, where he soon breathed his last.

The surviving son of John Custis and Frances Parke, was the Daniel Parke Custis, who wed pretty Martha Dandridge,

reigning belle of Virginia's Eastern Shore, particularly in that section about Williamsburg where the royal Governors of Virginia held forth. Martha was a plump, petite, very feminine person. After Daniel passed to his eternal reward at the early age of thirty, the very pretty, attractive widow, captured the errant heart of George Washington and kept it forever in her dainty grasp.

Two children of the four born to Daniel and Martha survived. Young things, they delighted the heart of George Washington who loved them as his own. Little Martha Custis, known to her intimates as "Patsy," was frail and marked for an early death. She was only sixteen when she died, after searching for health at various springs and health resorts.

Young John Parke Custis was a handful for even the doughty conqueror of Indians and later on, of England's Cornwallis. "Jackie," as he was called, admired his stepfather, General Washington, but loathed books or anything in the nature of study. Moreover, he was adventurous and headstrong. "Jackie," dilatory as he was, did enjoy history, however, which kept alive his yen for travel.

While attending school at Annapolis, the youth made all arrangements to go to England and other European countries without troubling to inform his family of his plans. General Washington learned in roundabout gossip of Jackie's ideas and called an immediate halt, although the latter was actually on the point of embarkation. Jack was placed in school again, this time in Princeton. At eighteen, he fell madly in love with Eleanor Calvert, a direct descendant of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. Young love failed to run any smoother than his plans for travel. Both the young woman's family and the Washington family objected to the marriage for various reasons, partly because of the youth and irresponsibility of the youngsters. Jackie was hailed home again and following a brief period of private tutoring was sent to King's College, now Columbia, in New York.

When he returned a few months later after the death of "Patsy," his sister, he wed the object of his devotion.

The bride and groom were established at Mt. Vernon for

two years, then Washington bought the Abingdon estate for them and they made their home there. Four children were born to them, all during the period of the Revolutionary War, and all growing to maturity. Enlisting in the Continental Army to fight for his country, Jackie died too young, at the age of twenty-seven, leaving Eleanor and their children to the care of their respective families.

General Washington, upon learning of his step-son's illness from camp-fever and that he was lying at the point of death in besieged Yorktown, left without delay on a mad dash to that city. He arrived just in time to see the young man whom he had loved as his own, pass from this life. Eleanor was beside herself with grief and shock. Taking the weeping widow into his arms, Washington vowed to care for her two younger children as his own.

Martha Washington, too, was glad to have her son's children in her home. From then on, the baby, George Washington Parke Custis—only six months old, and tiny Eleanor (Nelly) Custis, two and a half, were given everything in the way of educational advantages and home surroundings the times afforded. Nelly, at the age of sixteen, married Lawrence Lewis, a nephew of General Washington, who, as secretary to the President, was a member of the household. This marriage gave Washington great happiness as Lawrence was one of his favorites.

George Washington Parke Custis grew up to become one of the most interesting, most colorful individuals to leave his imprint on his time.

He idolized his foster father and namesake with an affection as deep as it was sincere but despite the careful tutoring and the untold advantage of mingling constantly with the most brilliant personages of the Washington era, Custis, himself, possessed so little personal ambition that he, too, as had his father, Jackie, proved a great disappointment to Washington. Yet, under all this careful training, Custis developed into a man of unswerving integrity, a great patriot and generous to the highest degree. Never pompous or austere, a lack of firmness, an instability almost erratic, was revealed as time went on, traits coming possibly from the extremely creative talents he possessed. Such

traits often mark the careers of men of his temperament and they become prone to dilettantism, especially when they have great wealth at their command.

George Washington Parke Custis was an artist, a writer, an orator of rare eloquence—if we are to believe his contemporaries. The latter talent he was seldom moved to use, except in welcoming guests at the great social functions held in his home or, upon occasion of funerals. In later life, he painted a lot, decorating the walls of his home with scenes of battle usually, and of other events in which his foster father was the central figure. Ever a theorist and a visionary, yet he was a genial host and an accomplished gentleman.

When Custis was growing up in the Washington household, the many noted characters, with whom he came in contact, the political or financial geniuses who flocked to Mt. Vernon or to the President's home in New York or Philadelphia, took delight in the charming, beautiful lad. From them, young Custis acquired a polish and a culture that only such contacts can give. Years at Princeton schools, and after Princeton, private tutoring under Mr. MacDowell, president of Annapolis College, merely added luster to the deep knowledge gained from association with such brilliant men as LaFayette, L'Enfant, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, James Madison and hosts of others.

Washington's death made a marked impression on Custis' life and character. He was wealthy at 21, and the magnificent location of Arlington on the Potomac, was instrumental in making his selection of the estate for his home, among the many plantations he owned.

Only a few hundred acres in the Arlington Estate of 1,100 acres, were cleared below the lush, wooded hills. Manor House, an unpretentious structure on the bank of Little River near the famous Custis Springs, had been built by the Alexander family in the 18th century. It was eventually destroyed by the War Department. Why, no one seems to know. There were only four rooms in Arlington Manor, originally. It stood about a mile east of the site of the present mansion and George Washington Parke Custis evidently felt that his pretty young wife deserved a more charming setting. He chose to build his home along the lines

of most Virginia Colonial homes, selecting a Greek design after the ancient Temple of Theseus at Athens.

He built for all time, apparently, for Arlington Mansion is still as staunch as it is beautiful and stately. The brick and stucco which went into its walls were obtained on the acres about the Mansion, acres now known as Fort Meyer.

The marriage of George Washington Parke Custis and Mary Lee Fitzhugh, when he was 23 and she was 16, must have been a real love match for fifty full years of great happiness and content were theirs. Their home was handsome and hospitable. They entertained lavishly as was the wont of Virginians of wealth and, with Custis' ingenious, creative mind at work during the rare intervals between entertaining, never a dull moment crowded in.

In a letter to his wife on one occasion during her absence, he mentioned jokingly, about having written a play overnight which was produced two days later by a group of players—all of which must have been hard on the dramatic muse. But the divine spark was there, even if the play and players were not so heavenly. His art, too, most likely would not please the critics—but if the artist was happy and his friends enjoyed his pictures—little else matters—it is all in the eye of the beholder. At least the viewer's eye did not fail to see what the pictures were about—which is more than can be said of some of our later day creations.

One of Custis' hobbies was sheep raising. It proved costly in the long run but provided an excuse—if one were needed, for the great gatherings of friends from plantations far and near who brought their flocks of fine Merino sheep to the yearly shearings at Arlington Manor.

In 1803, the lord of the Manor had brought 100 sheep from Spain. By developing the manufacture of wool into cloth as cotton growers were developing the cotton industry in the South, Custis saw a splendid opportunity. He called a great convention in that year inviting planters and friends to see his purchase. From that convention developed the annual "shearings" held at Arlington. The shearing parties lasted for days. Prizes and toasts for the finest animals were the order of the occasion, the

shearing taking place under the huge war tents of George Washington which had been willed to Custis and of which he was inordinately proud.

At these affairs, Custis' rare genius for showmanship and hospitality shone out. At the last one held, the host in a fervor of patriotism, said: "America shall be GREAT and FREE and minister to her own wants by the employment of her own resources. The citizens of MY country will proudly appear when clothed in the produce of their own native soil."

Thieves and sheep-killing dogs finally played havoc with the flocks that made Arlington famous over the countryside during this era as they roamed over the hills and fields of the Custis Estate. At last but two sheep remained of the once huge flock. Then, naturally, there was no excuse for the shearing exhibitions.

Invitations for all Arlington affairs were eagerly sought. Practically every person of note came across the portals of the Mansion as a guest, when such persons made visits to the infant City of Washington. Here, as in the days of his early youth, Custis was accustomed to meeting and listening to men of affairs discuss the burning questions of the times. Artists, musicians, writers as well as statesmen, came to Arlington.

Their host was a democratic soul, who apparently cared little for convention and made both rich and humble welcome. The George Mason family, who lived on lovely Analostan Island, now named Theodore Roosevelt Island, were frequent guests and the Custises as frequently returned the visits. The remnants of the noted Mason mansion still stand, ivy laden and lonely, on that lush green island which lies just below Key Bridge between Washington and Arlington.

Careless in his dress, Custis lost some of the beauty for which he was noted as a lad, the weaker characteristics of his artistic nature becoming more pronounced in his features. He had fought in the war of 1812 as a private when the British entered Maryland and later refused all compensation for his efforts, although he helped many others get the compensation due them. On the 100th birthday of Washington, he appeared before Congress by invitation and made a splendid address on the attainments of his beloved foster father. At another time, a speech

he made before Congress on the overthrow of Napoleon, won acknowledgment from the Russian representative at Washington for its eloquence.

Custis' farming was not outstanding. He farmed Arlington for pleasure, alone, not profit, his income being derived from his Westmoreland estates. About the well known Custis or Arlington Spring, which attracted people from nearby towns and over the wide countryside, he had big kitchens and dining halls built, with a dancing pavilion attached. The grounds were landscaped and beautified. They were thrown open to the public for picnics and after a wharf was built into the river, Custis built a steamer named the George Washington Custis. This little boat made several trips daily to bring parties to the Spring.

No restraint was placed upon the guests, other than good behavior. Mr. Custis, himself, was an excellent violinist and often brought his violin down to the pavilion and played to the enjoyment of both guests and the master.

Custis' death occurred in 1857, almost a century ago, but he left a memory as green as the verdure that now fills the Springs about which the gentry once frolicked to the strains of his violin.

The graves of George Washington Parke Custis and his wife are easily found in the great National Cemetery, surrounded by thousands of soldiers who have passed beyond the far horizons in both peace and war times.



Arlington Mansion, home of the Custises and the Lees, until taken over by Uncle Sam during the Civil War.

III

LEGEND OF THE LEES.

JUNE-1831. By virtue of a wedding on the last day of that month for weddings, the saga of the Custis family melds into the Legend of the Lee's, with the ever-beautiful Arlington as the background.

Of the seven children born to George Washington Parke Custis and Mrs. Custis, only Mary Randolph Custis survived her babyhood. Mary was reared with extreme care and circumspection, only playmates of her own station in life being invited to her home. Among these were Robert E. Lee, born in 1807, fourth son of General Henry Lee, known to his contemporaries and to posterity as "Light Horse Harry." Robert's mother was Anne Carter, of another noted Virginia family.

The genealogy of the Lee's is even more exciting than that of the Custises. One Launcelot Lee, a personal escort of that doughty conqueror, William of Orange, who took over England a few hundred years ago, started the line. His son, Lionel, (a name which would, like that of Launcelot, practically condemn a hero in this day and age) in the 12th century, A. D., accompanied Richard, the Lion-Hearted, and his entourage of politicoes and harlequins, troubadours and thanes, foot soldiers and felons, on that expedition extraordinary, the Third Crusade to the Holy Land. This magnificent drama ended, Lionel, for his courage and his brilliant attainments, was made the Earl of Lichfield.

This same splendid streak of bravery and initiative carried on down through the generations. Lionel's son, Richard, was a loyal member of the Privy Council of the ill-fated Charles First and aided the emigration of many proscribed Royalists to America. His son, Richard, coming to this land of the free, became

a member of the Governor's Council in Virginia. Thomas Lee, a son of Richard, became the first American-born Governor of Virginia, which in those early days was dubbed "Independent Virginia." Nor does it even now belie this early cognomen. It is interesting, too, to recall that Richard Henry Lee made the original motion before the Continental Congress to declare the American Colonies free from England during a sizzling session of that body held June 7, 1774. A motion that was whipped into shape by Thomas Jefferson and adopted on July 4, 1774.

"Light Horse Harry Lee" also won everlasting distinction by coining that precious phrase, "First in War, First in Peace, First in the Hearts of his Countrymen!", while delivering an oration on the death of his life-long friend and idol, George Washington.

But back to the wedding. Lieut. Robert E. Lee son of the dashing "Light Horse Harry," had won the hand of the lovely Mary Randolph Custis. The affair was a notable one. Held in the main drawing-room of the Custis Mansion, now known as the Lee Mansion, the flower and chivalry of all the countryside was present. The feminine side of the picture was, as usual, charming in all the finery of the period. Many of the men wore their brilliant dress uniforms as Robert, a few years before, had graduated with highest honors in a class of 56 members from West Point.

An amusing incident occurred on the occasion of the wedding. The hour appointed for the ceremony had passed and a fluttering bevy of bridesmaids and the bride, along with a restless bridegroom, were growing nervous. One of those freak storms, so well-known and unbeloved in Virginia, had thundered in and the Mansion and its guests were walled in from the outer world with a swishing curtain of rain. Out in that wild hurricane, somewhere on the road, was the preacher who was to perform the marriage rites.

Fortunately, like most of its kind, the storm did not last long. With the first break in the clouds came the minister, covered with Virginia clay and wringing wet. He had been caught in the fury of the elements and his coach stalled in the clinging, yellow Virginia clay, than which there is nothing more clinging and yellow. It was impossible to read the marriage service in such condition and it would have taken hours to clean and dry the

clerical garb. A wild scurrying for dry garments ensued but the only available clothes were those from the wardrobe of the bride's father, George Washington Parke Custis. Mr. Custis was short and not too thin while the Reverend Meade (later Bishop of Virginia) was very tall and slender. The Reverend proved a good sport, however, and donning the makeshift apparel, hid it as best he could under the folds of his ministerial robe and all went merry as the proverbial wedding bell.

Robert E. Lee, was a man of great personal charm, good-looking, suave and buoyant in manner. Like his father-in-law, Lee made friends with the humbler individual as readily as with those in high places, thus winning that intense devotion and loyalty that a lesser personality would have failed to receive.

He won great distinction all throughout the Mexican War. His closest associates during this campaign were Lieut. J. E. Johnson and Lieut. Col. M. C. Meigs. Lee and Johnston remained close friends always, despite their difference of opinion and divergence of ways when civil war between the states broke out. Meigs, however, lost faith in his beloved friend during this period when brother fought brother and father and son turned one against the other.

This barrier that rose between Meigs and Lee was particularly sad as they had together accomplished that amazing feat of engineering which changed the current of the mighty Mississippi River and made possible the building of the great city of St. Louis.

Lee, it was, who captured John Brown of Harper's Ferry during those dreadful days when the fires of civil war were seething and hissing deep in the embittered souls of men.

January, 1861, ushered in the New Year before Lee first learned that war was actually impending. Distressed to the core of him, he wrote to Mrs. Lee: "I can do nothing to hasten it or retard it." He must have realized that sooner or later he and his family would be drawn into the maelstrom and envisioned what would happen to things he held most dear.

Later in the spring of that year, he was called to Washington.

Since 1831, when he was first stationed in Washington, the Lees and their growing family of children had made Arlington Mansion their home, although at one time Lee had been Superin-

tendent of West Point and at other times his duties as a soldier called him to far corners of the land.

Meanwhile, Lee and his wife brought many priceless treasures to the Mansion to add to those collected by George Washington Parke Custis. Around their hospitable board gathered the beauty and the brains of the world who came to Washington on business or pleasure bent.

Lee was fifty-four when President Lincoln through General Winfield Scott, who had been Lee's superior officer throughout the Mexican War, called him to the Capital and offered him command of the United States Army. Sick at heart, the hard-wrung tears of an aging man filled his eyes. General Scott gazed on him with sympathetic understanding as he saluted and took his leave. Lee's face was drawn with grief as he mounted his horse and rode out to Arlington. The mental struggle was terrific but the decision was one which none other than himself could make.

In the midst of his grief, he wrote to General Scott on April 20.

"Dear General Scott," he wrote, "I cannot take up arms against my friends and neighbors."

That was his final decision. What it meant to divest himself of his commissions, turn his back on his many friends, tried and true, on the opposite side of the line, can only be surmised. On April 22, Lee, with his wife and children, said good-bye to Arlington, with its wealth of traditions, its material treasures and beautiful landscaped gardens, never to return. When he reached Richmond, he accepted the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate forces in Virginia.

Three days later, the Army of the North poured into the District of Columbia and the first camp fires of war cast their fierce gleams upon the tall oaks, the quivering elms and maples of Arlington. Mrs. Lee remained in Richmond during the war, then removed to Lexington, Virginia, where she died on November 6, 1873. All three of Lee's sons served in the Confederate Army.

Arlington was so strategic a point that Lincoln and his staff dared not allow it to fall into the hands of the enemy. From its high bluffs across the Potomac, the eye swept over a panorama that stretched for miles in all directions. Canon set upon those

hills could have raked Washington with deadly precision and would have soon devastated the small City of Magnificent Distances.

Arlington never again became a home. It remained in the hands of the Cavalry during the ensuing years of war, its grassy lawns and handsome hedge-lined paths, becoming trampled and torn beyond recognition by the hordes of marching men. Of the 56 hospitals located in and around Washington, that number included the tented city of Arlington. The long shelters of canvas that surrounded the Mansion, "threw up a wall of pain as the agonized groans of the sick and dying filled the air day and night without cessation."

The Mansion itself was occupied by officers of nearby Fort Whipple and later, with officers from Fort MacPherson, another camp close at hand. Not a vestige remains of these two forts. The site of Fort Whipple, however, is now occupied by Fort Myer, which lies within the cemetery grounds.

Between the years of 1861 and 1864, soldiers slain in battle near the city of Washington were buried in the Soldiers' Home Cemetery. Finally, there was room for not another grave. Other burial grounds near at hand, also were filled to the limit. The situation was desperate.

IV

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

GENERAL M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster General of the United States Army, realized only too well that facilities had been taxed to the uttermost. He knew, too, that if the morale of the fighting forces and of their loved ones back home was to be sustained, that no willful neglect of the soldiers, sick or dead, dared exist. Every soldier who died in service, he insisted, must have a proper and decent burial place. Otherwise there would be no feeling of security. But with no available ground what was to be done?

Distressed and worried, he rode into Washington to confer with Secretary of War Stanton. With all cemeteries filled, Stanton proved of little help.

Meigs started across the White House grounds, dejectedly.

Suddenly a familiar voice sounded nearby. He had failed, in his abstraction, to notice the carriage of the President drive up behind him.

"Meigs—General Meigs," hailed Mr. Lincoln. "Wait a moment. I'd like to speak with you."

"Yes, Mr. President—I did not see you," apologized General Meigs.

"I'd say you didn't. We came near running over you. You're not looking very cheerful, sir. Something troubling you more than usual this afternoon?"

Lincoln's deep-set, sombre eyes looked into those of the General.

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln, there is indeed."

"Get into the carriage with me, General—I, too, am a very lonely man this afternoon."

For hours the two men, the President and the General drove over the country side talking over their problems. At last they

climbed the long ridge to Arlington. To the east no lovely City of Magnificent Distances met their view. Washington torn and trampled by hordes of marching men, who had to camp somewhere, was a distressed town, frayed and untidy. The cloud of dust over it seemed never to settle. To the south and west, they saw, rising gently, in the twilight, the beautiful Virginia hills, the sketchy outline of Chain Bridge, the deep smooth-flowing waters of the silent Potomac with its wooded islets, including Analostan, once the home of George Mason.

Arriving in due time at the Mansion House, Lincoln stepped from the carriage and started across the lawn with General Meigs. At that moment a sad, little procession crossed their path. It was a burial squad carrying two soldiers who had just died.

"Where are you taking them?" queried Meigs.

"I do not know, sir. We are waiting for orders." was the reply.

"How many more are there?" persisted the General.

"A dozen, altogether, sir, including these two men."

"God!" broke from General Meigs lips. "Some of these men have been dead—how long, corporal?"

"Two days, sir."

General Meigs stared into the worn face and tired eyes of his Commander-in-Chief.

"Lee shall never return to Arlington," he said bitterly. Pressing his heel into the soil on which they stood, he said, "Bury them here!"

"First, General, may I see them?" asked Lincoln quietly.

The orderly lifted the blanket covering the dead soldier nearest him.

The soldier wore the uniform of a Confederate. Lifting the covering from the other, Lincoln saw the body of a man in the blue of the Union.

"The first man was a prisoner, sir," spoke up the orderly. "He died less than two hours ago."

"What was his name?" Lincoln asked.

"Reinhart, sir, L. Reinhart, of the 23rd North Carolina Regiment."

"Place him nearest the Mansion," said the President. "Who is the Union soldier?"

"Edward S. Fisher, Sergeant, Company D., 40th New York Infantry."

"Place them side by side," ordered General Meigs.

It was done. Two men, one in blue, the other in gray, were thus the first soldiers to be buried in that now great sanctuary, Arlington Cemetery. As time has flown by, the bodies of thousands of other American patriots, great or humble, victims of three great wars since the Civil War, lie beside them.

Among the many of that early period, 136 soldiers of the South who died while prisoners of war, were interred. To these a monument was erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Later in the huge vault, the bodies of 2,111 unknown, from other battlefields who could not be identified, were placed.

In great contrast to that simple ceremony which took place in that summer twilight and which was honored by a President, was the burial of General Philip Sheridan. This received almost world-wide publicity. Plumed cavalry, guns, caissons, marching feet, that took hours to pass a given spot—a passing parade, watched by thousands who gathered upon the neighboring hillsides. By Sheridan's side, lies the body of Admiral Austin Porter, another of America's famous fighters.

Since then, heroes famed in song and story, have found their resting place on the shaded slopes of Arlington's hills. Some sentimentalists have vowed that years after the battle of the Appomattox, a shadowy figure of a man wearing the gray of the Confederacy, was seen wandering, one moonlit evening, among the graves of the National Cemetery. He was reading the lines inscribed on a marker when a passerby disturbed him. He did not look up, but the passerby stated he would take oath that the sorrowful stranger was none other than General Robert E. Lee, probably making a last pilgrimage to the home he loved so dearly.

The estate passed into the hands of the government after Peace was declared. Taxes, according to law, had to be paid in person and this was impossible at the time. Later, the Federal Government paid to the heir, a son of General Lee, the sum of \$150,000.00. Robert E. Lee and Mrs. Lee made no attempt to regain possession as according to the will of George Washington Parke Custis, they were but life tenants, Custis having named their son as his heir.

V

BENEATH THESE STONES

WHETHER one enters Arlington Cemetery by the Memorial Bridge route or through the gates of Fort Myer, the scene is impressive. The first sight of Arlington as one arrives over Memorial Bridge gives the visitor a feeling of peace and serenity, with its air of detachment from the "madding crowd." Graceful highways, wide-spread greensward, the placid charm of the mighty Potomac, the towering forest trees, the magnificent arched entrance, with the Mansion on the bluff in the background, provide an approach that is at once solemn and inspiring.

Many persons prefer the Fort Myer entrance which leads past dozens of buildings of that great military cantonment, including officers' quarters, hospitals, barracks and parade grounds. Entering through Fort Myer, one first glimpses that portion of the National Cemetery which holds the graves of Civil War Veterans and officers. One passes the Sylvan Temple where the first Decoration Day observance was held in 1868 and from then on until the marble amphitheatre was completed. James A. Garfield, then member of Congress, made that first Memorial address. He was a gifted and dramatic speaker, first rising to prominence when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated and it seemed as though the government itself might crumble into ruins.

On that fateful day, when Lincoln died, a young man—a newspaper reporter, was standing on a pedestal beside the statue of George Washington in Wall Street, New York City. He drew himself up to watch the human storm clouds gathering there. As he faced the mob, something greater than all humanity, itself, filled his being. Without thought of himself, he suddenly raised a hand to still the tumult and in a voice ringing with faith and courage, he bade them remember the RULER of all men.

"God reigns!" he cried. "And the Government at Washington STILL LIVES!"

The speaker could not foresee that he, James A. Garfield, would become the next martyred President of these United States.

Near the Slyvan Temple lie the remains of George Washington Parke Custis and his wife, Mary Fitzgerald.

Arlington Mansion, beautiful and stately in its classic exterior, has been well restored. It seems to stand guard not only over the thousands of soldiers buried nearby, but over graves of other illustrious dead. Almost in front of the Mansion lies General Philip Sheridan, a classmate of Robert E. Lee, and to the south, stands the Temple of Fame, bearing the names of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses Grant, Admiral Farragut and others. The granite sarcophagus erected above the tomb of the 2,111 unknown dead who fell in the War between the States is close at hand. There was no Red Cross in those days and no registration service for graves and many of the occupants of that common grave were not found until long after. As they were disinterred at the sites of battle, their bones were placed in separate caskets about two feet long and one foot square. The difficulty of assembling the remains of these men was great, for in many cases little was left save a skull and a few other remnants of the skeleton. Nevertheless, each was gathered together and recommitted to Mother Earth in Arlington. On the sarcophagus above them is this inscription:

"Beneath this stone repose the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers gathered after the War from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country and its grateful citizens honor them as their noble army of martyrs.
May they rest in peace. September, A.D. 1866."

The Field of the Dead also reveals graves of 16,000 buried in the level land below, headstones placed in orderly rows refusing to woo monotony because of the magnificent old trees that shade the long lines.

Any soldier having honorable discharge from the United States Army, is entitled to burial in Arlington. For many, that is the height of their ambition. The soldier's funeral and a marker for his grave is furnished by the Government, once the body is delivered to Arlington authorities. If the family wishes to provide a more pretentious headstone, it is privileged to do so. While many have taken advantage of this privilege, most of the stones erected by families of the heroes are unpretentious because the men themselves would have it so. And somehow, the simple gravestones erected by Uncle Sam, carry an aura of their own and are most fitting for the graves of those who elect to lie with their comrades.

A most admired and beloved feature of Arlington Cemetery is the tomb of THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER, erected as a reminder and a symbol of the First World War. It is one of the noted monuments in the world, although it is not the only monument in America dedicated to Unknown Soldiers, who mayhap be of a foreign birth. On the campus at St. John's Academy in Annapolis, is a monument to Soldiers of France, who came to America with LaFayette to fight for Freedom on a foreign shore. The bodies of these men who camped on that site during the Revolutionary War and died of cold, hunger and plague in that fierce "winter of our discontent," lie there. They were not only unknown and unsung but unheeded until Ambassador Jusserand of France, who was responsible for the erection of that monument back in the 1920's, brought us to attention and caused fitting rites to be celebrated.

I, personally, feel an especial interest in the monument to the UNKNOWN in Arlington. Years ago when I first arrived in Washington, I was horrified at the desecration of that handsome memorial. Almost every day, vandalism was reported and visitors were photographed constantly, men and women both, sitting upon the Tomb, with swinging feet, smiling broadly as if something intensely amusing had just happened—a great snapshot to send back home! Every day, newsphotos exploited pictures taken by photographers who haunted the spots, with captions stating that So-and-So from Podunk, Hunker's Valley, this place or that, were seeing the sights of Washington.

It took courage to go to the newspapers but I finally plucked

up enough stamina and went to Mr. Payne, then managing editor of a Washington publication, armed with a picture in his own paper. It showed two women and a youth, seated on the Tomb, all grinning like Chessycats. A smart cutline was beneath the picture which had been taken the day before. No offense was intended—it was just carefree thoughtlessness!

Next morning a sizzling editorial appeared in that paper. In less time than it takes to tell it, regular sentries were on guard beside that tomb, 24 hours a day, in fair weather or foul—thanks to Mr. Payne and his editorial.

Sentries are relieved every two hours and if one wants to view an inspiring sight, they may watch the change of guards in immaculate garb, who march forth with a rhythmic step that is almost like a cadence of music, to take their place as a mark of distinction.

The Unknown hero of World War I was brought to Arlington and interred there November 11, 1921, Armistice Day, just three years after that November 11th which had brought a delirium of joy to the world that the hideous and destructive war was over.

President Warren G. Harding delivered the oration with two ex-Presidents of the United States in his audience, along with members of the Supreme Court, Senators, Representatives, Diplomats from foreign lands, special envoys for this occasion, and high department officials. Honored among them was General Pershing, accompanied by highranking military men.

The burial ceremonies were impressive, the long cortege leaving the Capitol where the body had lain in state early in the day. Thousands lined the Avenue during the slow progress down that famous thoroughfare.

The body of the UNKNOWN SOLDIER was chosen from hundreds of unidentified dead American soldiers in France. A sergeant made the selection as that office is the highest non-commissioned rank in the Army. Four coffins, lay before him, each bearing a body taken from one of the four military cemeteries in France—Belleau Wood, Bony, Thraucourt, and Romagne. The sergeant, after choosing one of the four, stepped forward and laid a bunch of white roses on the coffin, thus marking it as the one selected. An escort of heroes of various wars met the escort from

abroad when they steamed into port on the U. S. S. *Olympia* which had served as Admiral Dewey's flagship during the Spanish-American War.

Many a mother in the first years after the UNKNOWN arrived home, humbly came to pay tribute at the sarcophagus, hoping, sometimes believing firmly with all her heart, that HER SON is he who rests within that bit of snow-white marble.

Lorimor Rich, architect of New York and Sculptor Thomas Hudson Jones conceived a work that is immortal in building that tomb and the majestic amphitheatre behind it. On two of the sides of the tomb are carved wreaths, while on one end facing the East are three figures—Peace, Hope and Victory. On the opposite end is inscribed a simple epitaph: "Here rests in honored glory, an American Soldier known but to God."

It was to charming M. Jusserand, by the way, that the remains of L'Enfant were resurrected from their ignominious grave on the Diggs estate in Maryland and placed in Arlington in front of the Mansion. Perhaps on the very spot from which he envisioned his City of Magnificent Distances! Who knows! When he died, forlorn, embittered, neglected by all save his friend, Diggs, who gave him sanctuary for many years at the last, L'Enfant's body was placed in a small family graveyard on the estate. Eventually, the Diggs family moved away and all persons buried in that small spot were moved also, with the exception of three individuals, a tiny, colored slave-girl, a man said to have been convicted of several crimes and—L'Enfant. Seven great oak trees marked the spot and for many years nothing but the wind sighing in the trees and waving the tall grasses beneath; the whip of rain or the snapping sleet disturbed their rest.

Jusserand well knew the history of the badly treated engineer and patriot and being a Frenchman, himself, possessed a sincere understanding of his nature and misfortunes. With the aid of a sympathetic Congress, Jusserand had L'Enfant's remains removed and placed in a suitable bronze container. Appropriate ceremonies, a parade through Washington, beautiful music, addresses by Compte de Grass and other noted Frenchmen in America, including one by Jusserand, himself, marked the day and L'Enfant was laid to rest in Arlington to await the Last Call.

Returning to the amphitheatre, memorial services are held

there each year, beginning usually at dawn. The marble benches within the colonnade seat some 5,000 persons, with standing room for several thousand more. Only one seat—a large marble chair—is built on the stage. This is for the use of the President of the United States when he presides at the Memorial Day services. No other person ever uses this chair. However, the Presidents, without exception, have never used this chair, preferring to remain with other dignitaries on the stage.

A chapel is secluded in the basement of the amphitheatre near the entrance which faces the East. A reception room and museum is also there, filled with hundreds of relics. The amphitheatre was completed and dedicated May 15, 1920, at a cost of \$1,000,000. Of Greek and Roman architecture, it covers an area of 34,000 square feet, 8000 of which are under the colonnade.

One incident taking place in this lovely spot is indelibly stamped upon my mind. Nearly 20 years ago, on a glorious day in October, I attended a dedication of a monument honoring Canadian heroes who had fought side by side with us in World War I. The wooded hills and glens of Arlington wore their most gorgeous hues, the maple trees being particularly brilliant as if flaunting their pride in being the national emblem of our neighbor to the North. Over the setting, stretched a sky of intense blue and white that seemed almost metallic in its autumn luster.

Seated on the parapet of the colonnade, high above the throng, my friends and I watched the proceedings. When the Canadian regiment marched on the scene, wearing the garb of the Scottish Guards, bagpipes skirling, bands playing, pennants flying, the crowds cheering, one's heart leapt—every nerve a-tingle. In viewing this panoply of wartime, the beating of drums, the tramp of feet—the eyes filled with the glory of pageantry—it was not until colors were dipt and taps sounded that the full meaning struck home to the heart.

Those heroes being honored—where were THEY? Memories only. Their broken bodies were scattered over the earth—in the depths of strange seas—but their souls still marched—keeping step with those men in bright kilts before our eyes. Else why the fanfare, the skirling bagpipes, the songs, the speeches?

Another great event took place when the dead of the Spanish-

American War were brought home from Cuba and Puerto Rico. The mast of the U. S. S. *Maine*, whose sinking brought about this conflict marks the spot where they lie.

As the World War II neared an end, military men again began to wonder where to bury their dead. In 1944, the Military Commission of Congress sought additional acreage for Arlington Cemetery. The feeling against this was strong. Arlington citizens believe that now other states must share in caring for the dead. They presented their case to the Commission which then withdrew its request.

Since this story began, Congress has passed a bill approving the interment of an UNKNOWN soldier of this war beside the tomb of the UNKNOWN of World War I. Plans for the monument and the ceremonies are now under way.

To really respond to Arlington Cemetery's beauty, go into it alone, some bright morning in June. I did that recently. Somehow, the more pretentious monuments held far less interest than the long lines of simple white slabs under the trees—thousands of them! The setting was so serene, so lovely. Suddenly I thought of all those heroic men lying on foreign soil—the scattered atolls of the Pacific. Ernie Pyle, whom I knew well, and thousands of others who fell on the battle front, heroes as real as these who manned the guns or paved the way for our invading hordes. As I left the scene and followed the winding, wide stone steps leading from the Mansion to the road, a small, square, brick-walled enclosure caught my eye. It stands at the right about half-way down. Peering over into the enclosure, on the white marble slab below, I noted the words: "Mary Randolph—Born 1766—Died 1828. To Mother, who needs no eulogies."

One reaches forth and touches the Creator, on a day like that—in a spot like that. One gets the feeling, too, that God's plan for His creation is working out despite the foolish machinations of men; that no nation, however ambitious will ever dominate this Earth.

I left regretfully—a busy day ahead, but I carried with me a something to which I had been a stranger, these many years—PEACE, utter, absolute PEACE.

VI

UPPER-CLASS GENTLEMEN

ALMOST from the start, the English system of colonization which has made Great Britain so powerful, in the centuries past, was established in Virginia and County organization begun.

Based on the shire system of Old England, it followed closely as a "microcosm" of the State. A County lieutenant as chief officer was given executive power. He also commanded the militia. Officials were chosen from "upper class gentlemen." As defined by Noah Webster, gentlemen are varied in type, but "upper class gentlemen" leave no doubt as to whom was meant. The County courts exercised judicial functions. They were composed of justices of the peace, selected from men of the highest character and intelligence. These men held life-time tenure of office, being self-perpetuating—a condition which seems to thrive at the present time in Arlington if you will permit this slight divergence into affairs political. Their places were filled by appointment of the Governor of the State or on recommendation by the court itself.

Candidates for election to office must appear, then as now, and set forth their claims in public speeches. This wasn't bad at all. It contributed to the cultivation of good public speakers and also instructed ordinary folk in questions of the day. It proved fine training for lawyers and judges, too. From among these latter have emerged in times of stress, the Thomas Jeffersons, the Patrick Henrys, and other great orators of their day.

Virginia Colony was laid off into parishes in order to accommodate the affairs of the established English Church. The parishes were managed through vestries which laid levies for the purchase of "glebes," the erection and repair of church buildings; the support of preachers and care of the poor.

That word "glebe" has proved most intriguing, especially



"Glebe Mansion" home of Frank S. Ball, prominent attorney of Arlington, who was born in the mansion and has reared his own family there. Mr. Ball is a member of the famous Ball family to which the mother of George Washington belonged. The octagon-shaped house was built by Congressman Van Ness of New York, who married pretty Marcia Burns, daughter of Davy Burns. Burns, a Scotchman, owned most of the land where the White House and adjacent Washington now stands.

Photo by Stewart K. Brown

in connection with the naming of one of Arlington County's most prominent highways, "Old Glebe Road." Glebe Road runs across the county from one end to the other and much curiosity has been expressed in regard to the origin of the name. To ease this curiosity, the name undoubtedly was given to a road running through a parish or past a church in olden days. More than sixty-five glebes were originally set aside in Virginia by the English Crown for ministers to have and to hold, to till, to plant and otherwise use to "support himself, his family, his servants and his church." Glebe Road in Arlington is a lovely, long stretch of highway, a "state" road, which the Commonwealth is supposed to keep in repair. Just now, so little has been done to care for it, that it presents a sad condition, although its tree-lined length passes through one of Arlington's most attractive residential districts. Few sidewalks, and these merely narrow ribbons of concrete through community centers, are to be seen and great chuck-holes, chewed out of the paving from one end to the other, offer sorry hazards to drivers of cars and pedestrians alike.

One of Virginia's old "Glebe Mansions" whose age dips into portions of three centuries, still stands in Arlington, staunch and dependable at 17th Street and Glebe Road. It is occupied by Frank L. Ball, prominent attorney of Arlington, who was born there. The Ball name means much to Arlington and Virginia in general, being second in interest only to the name of Washington, George Washington's mother having been Mary Ball, the "Rose of Westmoreland."

Soon after the Continental Congress became a Federal body and the thirteen affiliated states began life on their own, difficulty in holding its sessions grew more and more apparent. Weeks and sometimes a month was required by members living in the hinterland to reach the place of meeting, roads being what they were at any season of the year. Not only the condition of the roads, but Indians and treacherous political enemies made dangerous travelling and distances were great.

Then the restless Congress started gadding up and down the Coastal area, looking for a place to light. Over a period of 18 years, it met in Philadelphia, New York, Georgetown, Baltimore, Lancaster, Pa.; Yorktown, Princetown, Annapolis, Trenton and, on one occasion, Germantown Pa., during an epidemic of small-

pox. Members of those early Congresses were a motley crew of bankers, politicians, lawyers, wealthy landowners from the east along with hunters, planters, Indian fighters and pioneers from the sticks. Men came in velvets, small clothes, leather jerkins and coonskin—but all were intelligent and in earnest. They knew what they wanted. Frequently, however, weather and roads prevented attendance of many of them.

When it was finally decided to find a permanent seat of government, for the infant Republic, naturally the North wanted it North and the South wanted it South. Arguments grew so heated that the question was finally turned over to that wise gentleman, George Washington. He enlisted the aid of two powerful men in his governmental family to work out a solution. Maryland, coming out front in 1788 and Virginia doing likewise in 1789, each offered a section of land ten miles square for the purpose. Other states, too, came to the fore, New York and Pennsylvania being the most vociferous.

Both Jefferson and Hamilton were extremely canny gentlemen. They did not see eye to eye politically, far from it, indeed, but when it began to look as though we might have two Capitols, one North and one South, each played their trump cards. Hamilton, the outstanding financial genius of the time, was promoting a tremendous fiscal plan for the country. One of the most important items in this plan was the assuming of the War debts by the States. The South didn't like this idea a little bit. Especially Virginia, who had already paid her war debts. Were Hamilton's plan to go through, Virginia would be heavily taxed for the war debts of other states. She could see no fair play in that. Hamilton realized that if this part of his plan failed, the entire project would be endangered. Looking for Southern support, he turned to Jefferson, whom he knew, despite their wide divergence of opinion on democracy, was the strong man of the South.

Thomas Jefferson, then Washington's Secretary of State, had his own axe to grind. Being a Virginian, he was more keen about having the National Capitol in the South than he was concerned about Hamilton's financial plan. He offered to persuade two of the Southern men in Congress to vote for Hamilton's assumption scheme, provided Hamilton would guarantee that the North would withdraw its opposition to having the Capitol in the

more southerly location. The scheme worked nicely. Two agreeable Southern gentlemen changed their votes and in July 1790, the Residence Act, gave President Washington authority to choose a site on the Potomac River, somewhere between the mouth of the Anacostia and the mouth of the Conococheague Rivers.

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This area followed the windings of the Potomac about 105 miles from Williamsburg to seven miles from Hagerstown, Maryland. This site might have been Harper's Ferry, Georgetown or Alexandria!

Virginia and Maryland were intensely jealous and both were contiguous to the Potomac. Virginia, after the site was decided on, voted a free gift of \$120,000 to the then nebulous little City of Magnificent Distances, the funds to be used in erecting public buildings. Maryland gave \$72,000, a large sum in those days of small beginnings.

Although the Residence Act stipulated that the site should be on the eastern side of the River, Washington and Jefferson agreed that both sides of the River should be favored. In 1791, Washington obtained authority from Congress to lay out the District of Columbia so as to embrace land on that side of the River including the town of Alexandria, the Virginia portion receiving the title of Alexandria County. Maryland then ceded a part of her territory, known as Washington County.

Thomas Johnson and Daniel Carroll marked out the territory included in the District, taking in Old Georgetown at one corner—Alexandria at the other. The cornerstone of the new District of Columbia was placed April 15, 1791 and is still one of the interesting things for sightseers to view in Alexandria.

Both counties remained under jurisdiction of their respective states until 1801. They had the privilege of citizenship and the right to vote in presidential elections. After the passage of a law in 1801, the inhabitants lost their state citizenship and went under the jurisdiction of Congress, exclusively. That was a blow and Alexandria County began immediately to wage a fight for retrocession.

VII

A CAPITOL IN THE WILDERNESS

THE District of Columbia was very primitive in 1800. Much of it was marshland. Homes and public buildings were scattered through a wilderness of trees and scrub in the sand patches or sticky clay of the countryside. A single packet sloop brought the furniture of the executive departments of government and all existing archives from Philadelphia to the little Capitol.

Abigail Adams, first hostess of the President's Palace, moving in near the end of her husband's term of office, found Pennsylvania Avenue a mere morass from repeated rampages of a mad little stream, renamed by some wag, "The Tiber" from its original name, "Goose Creek." Houses were mostly huts and shacks although this phase of building was giving way to more pretentious dwellings. As a matter of fact, the real occasion for the downfall and dismissal of Major Charles L'Enfant, engineering genius, who caught the vision of the City of Magnificent Distances and carefully staked out the broad avenues and boulevards we now know so familiarly and love, came about through the construction of a mansion by one Daniel Carroll.

When L'Enfant discovered, on a journey over the new District terrain, that Carroll was erecting his mansion plump in the center of what is now New Jersey Avenue, the fiery Frenchman, enraged at this flouting of his plan, went immediately to President Washington. Washington, although he had helped select the site of the Capitol and approved the plans and maps, gave preference to his friend, Carroll and refused to order the structure removed!

Without more ado, L'Enfant gathered a group of his workmen. Under cover of night, they went to the half-completed house and literally tore it apart, tossing the timbers into a nearby

woods, just off the Avenues staked out. We of this generation can see how right he was. Had other friends of the President built houses where they chose, whether they interfered with the plans of the city or not, what a jumble would have resulted and what tangles would have had to be unsnarled later. Thus, L'Enfant's plans were kept intact, but his official head was tumbled into the basket and a subordinate, named Thorton, placed in charge. Oddly enough, since that time, it is a recognized fact that when divergence occurs from L'Enfant's original plans, the beauty and harmony of physical Washington is destroyed and when the plan is adhered to, balance and charm is retained.

Comparisons may be odious, but when President Grant gave a District Governor, Washington then being a "territory" of the United States, the go sign, he stuck by his man, whether or no!

When Grant was in office, one Alexander Shepherd was installed as Governor of Washington. Shepherd, a hearty, loud-voiced, spectacular person, had his own ideas of improving the City on the Potomac, then defaced and weed grown from the debacle of war between the States. Shepherd's plans were drastic to say the least. He stopped literally at nothing which impeded his progress of improvement. Between gasps of pain or horror from hurt homeowners, he was either praised to the skies or excoriated as the most vicious so-and-so in the country. Neither praise nor lawsuits stopped him. And, even his own generation blessed him in after years. A Congressman, owning a home in Washington, might return to his native habitat to rebuild a fence or two and coming back to Washington find his front door leering into a steep, claysided pit that wasn't there when he left. Or he might find himself high and dry above a cut where a street had been before. Streets were straightened and houses pushed around like Little Elsie's teeth.

Possibly Shepherd's most amazing feat was to invite a large group of lawmakers and officials of a prominent railroad, which had run a spur across the foot of the handsome terrace below the Capitol itself, to a grand feast at his home one night. Shepherd resided in a mansion on Dupont Circle, then far out on the fringe of the City. He had been trying for months to inveigle the railroad men to remove that unsightly spur of track but they were adamant. Instead they had run an engine and coal car out onto

the spur and left them there. Possibly the officials thought Shepherd was planning to persuade them with feasting and fun to move that engine and were laughing up their sleeve at his obvious subterfuge.

The night was stormy, the roads terrific and Dupont Circle far removed from the heart of Washington. They were invited to make a night of it.

Came the dawn! And Heavens to Betsey!

When the Congressmen and the railroad officials managed to get downtown next morning, the spur of track no longer ran across the toes of the Capitol. The engine was still there, however, without a track to stand on. Shepherd, while he wined and dined his opponents had sent his men to tear out the unsightly obstacle to one of Washington's beauty spots.

President Grant upheld him and that was that! Shepherd was almost forced to leave town but when he returned ten years later, he was greeted at the station by brass bands, high government officials and towns-people, who paraded him down Pennsylvania Avenue mid cheers and shouting.

But now, back to Arlington.

One wonders what might have happened to Arlington or to Washington, if the latter had been forced to relinquish the Capitol as was sometimes attempted, especially in the years immediately following the War of 1812-1814. Many members of Congress were openly opposed to rebuilding in Washington. The city was voted an entire failure as a Capitol—inconvenient, not near enough to the center of population, untimely and, of all things, pusillanimous! Just why the latter, one wonders, too.

Many feared Congress would never recover from President Madison's flight from the enemy, taking their Capitol with him. Finally, some frugal soul realized that at least half of the cost of rebuilding would be eliminated by using the old building sites. Besides, were the Capitol moved elsewhere, the old quarrels and arguments would be revived. Altogether, would it not be unfair to Maryland and to Virginia—those states who had been so generous with lands and funds?

Conservative influences prevailing at last, as they so often do, a bill appropriating \$500,000 carried through Congress. The Capitol movers lost out.

When the project for ceding back to Virginia the land she had given was again stirred up in 1846, a campaign to remove the Capitol elsewhere, once more reared its ugly head.

Alexandria was particularly keen on snuggling back under the feathers of the Old Dominion. In those fifty years of being a part and parcel of the District of Columbia, she discovered that she was more of a parcel than a part, according to some wit. The Congress had dashed Alexandria's hopes of progress, time after time. In fact nothing had been done for this side of the River.

Washington grew from 500 inhabitants to 40,000 but not Alexandria. Her commerce, once flourishing, had dwindled steadily to less and less proportions, instead of expanding into vast shipping operations as predicted. District inhabitants this side of the Potomac were not only deprived of their citizenship but acquired a zero in its place. "They were political orphans, who had been abandoned by their legitimate parents and uncared for by parents who had adopted them."

Just poor relations! They awakened to this fact after fifty years of retrogression.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson said in a speech, that, "people of Alexandria had good reason to complain since it was only natural Congress should favor that part of the District of Columbia which was the immediate scene of their labors."

Calhoun, in answer to constitutional objections to the retrocession said it "proposed to cede a part of the permanent seat of government; that the act of Congress so providing, possessed no perpetuity of obligation but was repealable." He stated further, "that giving up the strip of land on the other side of the river could in no manner affect the permanency of the seat of government in what remained. Here the Government had been wisely located; and here, in his opinion, it should remain to continue so long as the institutions of the Republic endured."

Senator William Allen, of Ohio, was all for establishing the seat of government to the westward, nearer the then center of the country. He declared that to be near the seaboard and the chief commercial cities of the country gave advantage to commercial interests in influencing legislation! How the Senator's eyes would pop, could he return from Beyond a few moments now, in this so-called shrinking world.

No lobbies from the farmers of the west appeared at that time, but tariff lobbyists and lobbyists from Wall Street overran the halls of government even in that day. The great mass of folks—at least four-fifths of them, lived on the soil and it was in their center, averred Senator Allen, that the seat of government should be located.

Shouted Mr. Calhoun in reply to this: "At the Memphis, Tenn., commercial convention of 1,600 members, almost exclusively composed of representatives of interests of those who lived on the soil, a resolution recommending a change in the seat of general government was submitted. A most astounding sensation resulted." Continued Senator Calhoun. "When the resolution was submitted, just one loud resounding NO reverberated, overwhelming the solitary voice of the mover of the resolution."

Thus, pro and con, raged the controversy but when the motion to retrocede Virginia's Arlington back to her, a large majority in both houses of Congress carried approval. The question was taken to the people and Virginia reclaimed her own by a vote nearly unanimous.

James K. Polk, from Tennessee was in the White House when Arlington was retroceded to Virginia. This was only one of many dramatic events in that era of American history which occurred during Polk's tenure of office. The California Gold Rush started and that vast empire of wilderness and gold demanded a new portfolio be added to Polk's Cabinet. Thus the Department of the Interior came into existence.

Polk was the 11th President of the United States. His narrow shoulders carried the burden of President Tyler's final official act, which was the signing of the bill, passed by both houses of Congress, taking Texas into the Union. Texas, very eager to enter, had struggled valorously to free herself from Mexico, thus forced to fight, met defeat two years after Polk's entrance into the Presidency. When the treaty was made between the struggling countries, New Mexico and California were ceded to us also, along with Texas.

The hotly contested Oregon Boundary dispute, which originated a famous campaign slogan "Fifty-four forty—or fight" was settled amiably during this period.

VIII

THE PENTAGON

LIFE really began for Virginia's Arlington, in the ungay "40's" of this present Century. So alluring has she become that Congress' eyes frequently turn her way and efforts to wheedle or pull her back into the District have been fantastic.

But Arlington thumbs her nose. Give up her VOTE and her independence? Never! When the powers that be peeled off that small triangle now known as Arlington from the District of Columbia, handed it back to Virginia with thanks, it was peeled off for good so far as both Arlington and Virginia are concerned.

The government has taken over to some extent, making inroads deeper and deeper into the area by purchasing land for government buildings. And when the impact of World War II hit America, it struck Arlington, too, below the midriff with a mighty hunk of steel and concrete—the PENTAGON—one of the Wonders of the World. Clever people, we Americans. We do things in a big way, whether it is the carving of our national heroes' faces on a mountain side, or planting an atom bomb to help a reluctant dragon of the Orient make up its collective mind.

The Pentagon—a five-sided behemoth, deserves a chapter to itself. It sits in impressive, sphynxlike dignity in reclaimed bottom land, near the high-water mark of the Potomac, amid a maze of government built highways. The curlimacues, whorls and overpasses of these roads stem in all directions and seen from above suggest the cardboard mazes we used to buy when youngsters, to while away dull hours behind our geography when we should have been studying.

The Pentagon, purely an emergency project, was planned from the beginning for utilitarian purposes rather than loveliness. It has succeeded in possessing both to an amazing degree. Said

to be the largest office building in the world, it shelters daily more than 40,000 working personnel who come and go with little or no confusion. Classic in style, there is nothing like it. It is built on lines distinctly original and individual. When one glimpses it for the first time, whether closeup or from a distance, one is a bit stunned by its immensity, even before being awed by the beauty of it.

Both formal and formidable, there is no trace of the bizarre about it, nor suggestions of the cumbrous—as well there might be. The uncompromising stateliness of the Pentagon is quite harmonious with its lack of curves and trifling oramentation. Each of the five sides, however, reveal on close inspection that their almost half a mile lengths of stone facade are embellished with spare columns set in recessed projections that relieve the otherwise monotonous expanse and ease the eye of the beholder.

Economy, as well as hurry, hurry, hurry, was a slogan in its building. Five separate concentric pentagons are ringed, one within the other, all of them connected by corridors radiating from a central pentagon corridor. A circular-shaped structure which was originally contemplated by engineers, would have been far less handsome and much more difficult to build. Yet the compactness of a circular design is there. Some one has stated that the maximum walking distance between any two rooms is only 1,800 feet (not quite a half-mile) and a five minute walk.

This is something the general public cannot prove. One is advised not to travel alone in this maze despite the boasted communication system as the traveller may find himself covering most of the $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles of corridors and the more than 6,000,000 feet of floor area in order to reach his destination and then—not arrive. Uncle Sam conveniently provides guides. Enough jokes have been told about the Pentagon to fill tomes but the latest and most authentic is the story about General Eisenhower, making a personally conducted tour from one office to another with some especial guests in tow, getting lost.

If one is fond of statistics read this! The Pentagon can hide three Empire State buildings, provided one wants to hide them and lays them down, side by side. There would be space to pack them in and around about with houses the GI's cannot get. And the National Capitol, according to measurements, provided you

have time to take them, would fit easily into one of the five sections of the Pentagon.

Statistics also reveal that 210 switchboard operators are required to handle the 125 switchboard positions and 36 information positions. Inter-office calls, except those which require information service, are automatic and register almost a quarter of a million each day. More than 68,600 miles of trunk lines are contained in the telephone system—they would reach one and a half times around Mother Earth's august middle. One ceases to wonder why it takes so few as 10 or 15 bandying around to put a call through and then get the wrong party, who is just as surprised at the sound of your voice as you are at his!

Not that it is not a good system—it's just that gigantic.

More statistics. Place the 41,492 concrete piles on which the structure rests, end to end, and you would stroll from Washington to way beyond Philadelphia without muddying your boots. Concrete parking areas cover 46 acres and some 760 buses arrive at the Pentagon and leave it, every day—except when they are on strike. The building is kept clean—CLEAN that is—by 700 janitors and charwomen; 60,000 meals are served daily and 546 drinking fountains of chilled water refresh the thirsty.

A concourse 680 feet long and 150 feet wide is above the three-lane bus and taxi terminal. In this handsome concourse, stairways leading down to the various terminals are broadly placcarded. As many as 28 buses may be loaded at the same time in the two lanes reserved for commercial buses and 25,000 passengers can be handled in one hour. The Concourse is larger than that of the Pennsylvania Station in New York. During the dark days of cigarette rationing, the Concourse was something to behold when the employees of the Pentagon lined up for their daily fags. Three lines, two blocks long!

Just 16 months elapsed from blue-print to completed project, when the Pentagon was constructed. Preliminary designs and drafting took 34 days, the various features of a building previously planned being included. Construction begun on September 11, 1941, was completed January 15, 1943, with 15,000 workmen employed at one stage of the job, frequently working under huge floodlights at night. Normally, a year and a half would be

required to design such a building and construction would take at least two and a half years more—four in all!

When the War Department began to bulge like a balloon in the early part of 1941 and space to house the expanding activities of the staff were shrinking noticeably, the more than 24,000 employees and Army personnel being scattered like chaff throughout 17 separate buildings in Washington, Fort Myer and Alexandria, it became obvious that by January 1942, the personnel would number more than 30,000. On July 14, Congress was asked to authorize additional buildings in the District—or out, or both.

Washington was already crammed to the guards. Traffic along Constitution Avenue and the Mall, already in an appalling state of congestion with traffic lanes and parking space totally inadequate, a study was made of the practicability of constructing a building on the South side of the Potomac—something large enough to provide sufficient space for the War Department in its entirety.

Objections to the original building site selected were made on the grounds that it might detract from the approach to the Arlington National Cemetery. The original site, however, could be reached easily by not only the Memorial Drive but by the Arlington Ridge Road and the Cantonment Road, whereas the change of location would require numerous new roads to be made. Nor was the new site that was proposed, on the level. Extensive changes in both design and the foundations of the building must be made. Also, the estimated cost would be greater.

About then, the all-powerful press began to get busy, raising a hubbub about desecrating the National Cemetery and disfiguring the Lincoln Memorial. And as often happens, when a change was made to a southern location, it was found that the new site possessed excellent advantages. It was a mere two miles to the group of federal buildings on Constitution Avenue and when final decisions were made, the greater portion of the tract on which the building would be constructed was already government property, on which were being built the Hoover Airport, Arlington Farms and the Quartermaster Depot.

An aerial system of highways, planned in that area ten years before by the National Capitol Park and Planning Commission, fitted right into the scheme of things. The enormous, unsightly

"dump," the shacks, the pawnshops and a rendering works occupying that space, dubbed "Hell's Bottom," would be cleaned out. And those new roads, long needed to relieve traffic jams approaching Washington, now serve the Pentagon, the huge Navy Annex Building, Fort Myer, Arlington Hall, Arlington Farms, the Marine Barracks, the Air Base at Gravelly Point, and certain portions of residential Arlington and Alexandria.

By shifting government employees to the great Pentagon on the Virginia side, a smoother flow of traffic results during rush hours. Had this huge building been located in the District, peak traffic loads on all bridges would have been going one way, northbound in the morning, southbound at night, with relatively one half of the bridge unused at a time. As it is, approaches to War Headquarters coordinate with the needs of the District in both War and peace.

Drawings of the five-sided building first planned were far from being the symmetrical, practical Pentagon, now in use. The advantages of symmetrical pentagons set one inside the other, have proved much more efficient from the standpoint of economy as well as beauty. The buildings are made of concrete, reinforced with steel which the low-type structure easily permitted, thus saving enough of that valued material—enough to build a battleship.

For those who are interested in engineering problems, the building of the Pentagon provided them a-plenty from the beginning. Oddly enough, it stands on two levels. Two-thirds stand on ground 40 feet above sea-level—the easterly third occupying ground a mere 10 feet above sea-level at the start.

The 10 foot level had to be raised to prevent overflow before the building was started. As filled earth is unsuitable for piles, these were put in at the ten foot level and capped so they would extend through the loose earth used for the fill. Because of the two levels, a retaining wall was set along the line where the 18 foot level and the 40 foot level met. With an 11 foot wall at each of the levels, the Pentagon was thus given a mezzanine floor and a smaller basement.

Roof ridges handed the engineers another problem. With 960 feet long ridges on the outer ring of the Pentagon, the roof of gray-green slate might have seemed to bog down in the center,

unless some sort of optical illusion could be created. Along three sides of the Pentagon, the central section of the facade was given parapets to break the roof lines. Beneath these parapets a long row of recessed columns, are set into sections, which project at least 10 feet from the walls. Montony is thus done away with, a flat surface eliminated and strength added to the center.

The porticoes of the North and the north-east fronts push forth prominently and accomplish the same effect with their free-standing columns.

Only the outside perimeter is faced with limestone, although all plane surfaces are given an interesting texture. Some half a million cubic yards of concrete was used with 680,000 tons of sand and gravel, the latter having been scooped up from the bed of the Potomac south of the site. This dredging helped form the lovely lagoon near the building and saved literally thousands of miles of hauling. All of this scheming succeeded in metamorphosing 100 acres of bog and marshland into usable ground.

Contrasting this remarkable building feat with another, not far away, we may recall that it took seven years to build the White House. The great blocks of granit and sandstone of which it is built, were hauled by boat to a wharf on the Potomac, then drawn overland to the building site with the aid of mules and windlass, slave labor being employed. Only mule power and hand machinery were available in those days, but even so, the problems of architecture and engineering at that, were child's play in comparison to the building of the Pentagon.

Inside the Pentagon walls, air conditioning, water heating and cooling systems, huge kitchens and bakeries, where food is prepared daily for 60,000 servings—these things alone are marvels of know-how to say nothing of cleanliness and splendor. How 60,000 pounds of food and 30,000 cups of coffee can be prepared in so small and compact a space by so few workers is a pattern of efficiency and cooperation in itself. It is much the same as the modern housewife working in an eight by ten kitchen full of stove, sink, shelves and vegetable bins, while Grandma spread all over the place as she trotted about in her 22 foot domain that took up the entire back of the house. The answer is: Modern methods, plus modern food, plus good timing, and most important of all, a daily turnover of stock, which means a mini-

mum of storage. To this is added a smart setup of labor saving devices and clever personnel, super-trained.

But then, imagine what it would mean to have 5,055 pounds of meat, fish and poultry; 15,361 pounds of milk and by-products; 4,153 pounds of potatoes; 4,387 pounds of leafy vegetables; to say nothing of 826 loaves of bread; 1,183 rolls; 7,003 pieces of pie; 728 dozen eggs; 382 heads of lettuce; 225,418 gallons of ice cream; 225 pounds of bacon and 82 gallons of gravy—spoil on your hands!

Main cafeterias are on the third floor. Beside two cafeterias for officers and their guests that seat 300 persons, there is a separate dining room for generals which seats 78 persons.

On the fifth floor are no cafeterias but two large beverage bars with chairs and tables where sandwiches and soft drinks are served. On other floors, lunch bars give quick service for hot and cold drinks and light snacks. In the summer months, a large outdoor bar sits in the middle of the court of the Pentagon. There, too, light lunch is served beneath a dark green canvas top with gay tables scattered about and sheltered by gay beach umbrellas. The appearance of the court is gala indeed.

Behind the scenes are experimental kitchens and a nutrition laboratory. And, before we forget it—all beverage bars are non-alcoholic. About 1,100 persons find employment in the entire culinary system. Pentagon dieticians investigate all aspects of food from start to finish, from the lowly but potent vitamin to the eye-appealing salad. Results of their investigations and experiments are made available to the military and to industrial plants over America.

Many persons, we are told, eat three meals a day at the Pentagon at the moderate cost of a dollar.

The office of the Secretary of War is the focal point of all activity in the Pentagon. His offices are closely connected with those of his Chief of Staff, assistants to the Secretary, ranking generals and staff officers on down the line. The arrangement of all offices is such that the entire group of top rankers can be assembled in double-quick time, for conference. This is an utilitarian headquarters with little in the way of fancy furnishings. Adjoining the office of the Secretary is a small kitchen and dining room where a luncheon or dinner can be whipped up and served.

An excellent system of parking as well as transportation; civilian medical programs; a dispensary; a library including more than 100,000 books, 1,500 current periodicals, and many other features are part and parcel of Pentagon convenience. The library is staffed with professional librarians, each a specialist in his particular field.

Some 300 U. S. Special Police, employees of the Public Building Administration, guard the Pentagon day and night. This Police group is part of the Security Organization of the Military District of Washington, about 65 percent of the force being made up of retired military personnel and veterans of the World Wars I and II. These guards attend a school for a week after they are appointed to receive special instruction in self-protection and in handling panics, small fires and mobs. A fire alarm system installed in the building includes a water tower.

Federal law prevails in the Pentagon government and any problems of policing are brought before the United States commission in Alexandria, Virginia. The 22 receptionists are all women and members of the Security Organization of the Military District of Washington. They meet, in the course of a day, at least 1,000 visitors. These are of the highest type and really like the work they do as many a crack official has learned to his regret when he has tried to coax one of them into another job. No matter who comes or what his mission may be, he must pass the receptionists, first, before being admitted to the presence of any official.

Many facilities are installed for the convenience of employees in the Pentagon, including a banking service on the third floor where checking accounts are cared for. Commercial services on the Concourse include dry cleaning shop; shoe shining parlor and repair shop; a chain drug store; a branch of one of Washington's down town book stores; a telegraph office; a post office; a large and very complete news-stand which sells home-town papers as well as Washington news sheets; a local telephone exchange; barber shop; uniform store; and for women, a comprehensive department store operated by a Washington firm.

The latter developed from a shopper service opened in June, 1943, which proved so worthwhile in aiding busy employees to obtain badly needed articles of clothing and other items which

were difficult to buy because of working hours, that in December of 1943, the same firm sponsoring the shoppers' service, opened a sizeable branch of their store in the Concourse. It has been not only a time saver but a saver of energy and patience for the women.

Group singing, band music and concerts frequently offer relaxation during lunch time. They are held in the center court in fair weather and on special occasions the entire Pentagon staff attend talks given by the Secretary of War and other dignitaries. Religious services, Catholic and Protestant, are held in the Signal Corps Auditorium every Sunday, and Holy days are observed by special programs, U. S. Army chaplains officiating. In case the Auditorium which accommodates only 280 persons overflows, the services may be held in "A" ring of the Pentagon.

A "gazebo" (a word which may or may not be in your dictionary) houses many famous relics in its small glass-enclosed section at one end of a corridor on the second floor, overlooking the Mall. A weekly news-sheet comes out each week, the War Department employees acting as reporters while a small professional staff edits the material sent in.

All in all, the Pentagon is just about as complete and effective an institution to be found in any spot on the globe and will go down in history as one of the amazing products of our time.

IX

ARLINGTON FARMS

AYE, mon, the old Experimental Farm near Ft. Myer, boasts a bumper crop these days! Grains—no; fruits—no; flowers—yes! The flower of American girlhood. Oddly shaped buildings, seen from the air, resemble a box of dominoes set up in neat designs by some gargantuan players. This is Arlington Farms, ladies and gentlemen, and housed in these domino clusters, are girls—just girls.

Ten of these clusters are grouped symmetrically, five on a side, of a well-landscaped plaza or campus. Each cluster boasts a main hall, with eight shorter wings branching from the main stem. These ten Residence Halls named respectively: The Alabama, California, Georgia, Delaware, Idaho, Louisiana, Maine, Nebraska, and Florida, house some 8,000 girls at a time, although 60,000 or more resided within the walls from the opening date of the Farms in 1943.

With 600 rooms in each building ten wings to a hall; with a central lobby or reception room and a main corridor to the right and left, every room has a window or windows opening upon a wide grassy court. The buildings are but two stories high, which eliminates elevators and climbing long flights of stairs. They are 550 feet in length with some 4,500 feet of corridor in each hall and the watchman has a nice long stroll of it to ring his hours. Partitions are prefabricated jobs and not expected to last till Doomsday. All measurements are on an eight-foot basis.

Rooms are not too spacious but they are cozy and compactly arranged. The bottom rent is \$16.50 a month, the top rooms costing \$24.50 a month, which many girls prefer to pay for the additional space and conveniences tossed in. A service Shop in each Hall, does a land-office business, besides the three "domes-

tic" rooms, containing ironing boards and wash-tubs where the girls may splash and press to their heart's content. Each hall boasts four kitchenettes, with a rental within easy reach of domestically inclined lasses who delight in cooking a "home" meal for some especial occasion. There are two baths in each wing, 12 shower-rooms with 72 showers in all, eight toilets in each bathroom, 10 washbowls and ten mirrors. So—o, if the lasses are not well-groomed, Uncle Sam isn't to blame.

To go on with statistics—and after all, mother and dad back home sorta enjoy knowing just how their girl is fixed up in her own personal domicile—while the rooms are small, the decorator, who planned the color schemes, saw to it that each door was painted a different gay color and supplied with a nifty card holder to announce to passers-by that some certain person dwells therein. Bright chintz curtains and slip covers greet the eye as one enters and each occupant gives to her room that something that makes it a very personal spot. None of the gadgets girls love or need, is missing. Lamps, boudoir chairs, a comfortable bed, an ottoman, writing desk, a closet for long dresses, cosmetic cabinet with sliding doors, complete the ensemble offered by the management. Add to that a few of the occupants own well-loved items and what could be more attractive under the circumstances?

Does a girl need to spend a bit of time in the infirmary she is entitled to a bed at no extra cost.

The mail is brought twice a day and is picked up three times a day.

Large reception halls in the buildings are furnished in chintz-covered bamboo, smart to look upon and fitting the curves of the body. Banquettes, too, are scattered about, where girls and their friends or escorts may eat or sip a coke. Girls like to visit one another in these lounges or write letters, or read. These reception halls are varied and reflect the personality of the mature woman who supervises the buildings.

The house groups are unique and as different as those in charge of them. Dormitory councils elect their own chairmen and committees who make a point of decency and respect for the rights of others. In each hall, this council plans the hospitality

programs, and sees to it that some one responsible person is on duty as a hostess at all hours.

Each hall, contains the afore-mentioned Service Shop which is run on a concession basis and sells hot dogs, pies, cakes, doughnuts and soft drinks. It also operates rental libraries, does dry cleaning, orders drugs and prescriptions, sells stationery, cigarettes, postcards, cosmetics, magazines, brushes and many other small articles. A game room, another for bridge and backgammon, a piano, all shed an aura of gaiety over the scene, while symphony concerts, via radio, furnish that type of music for those who really care for it each Thursday night.

It is not difficult to see that one may "live alone and like it" or have all the company she wants. The big question will be "How You Gonna Get 'Em Back To the Farm, When Once They Have Seen Arlington Farms?" to paraphrase a witty ditty hanging over from the First World War.

A broad avenue lined with trees—willow oaks, pleasing reminders of the Experimental Farms that remain on the place. These handsome trees were set out half a century ago by E. C. Butterfield, superintendent of the Experimental Farms, and August Mayer, father of Carl Mayer, of 2515 North Lexington, Street, Arlington. They not only offer shade, but an attractive vista from the entrance, down to the spacious Recreation Center, from which radiate the ten dwelling halls. On the grounds are tennis courts, a branch of a Washington specialty shop for girls; a cafeteria, the Administration and Maintenance buildings, a modern infirmary, and the huge recreation center itself.

Atop the Administration Building, which like the others is only two stories, live Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bissell. Mr. Bissell, who headed the planning and organization of the four federal Residence Hall projects for the hordes of girls who flocked into the Capitol to work for Uncle Sam during the early days of the War, is the only man who lives at the Farms. The personnel of the maintainence list are on contract from the National Capitol Parks and Planning Commission.

The Maintainance personnel, alone, is rather large and includes painters, sheet metal workers, steam fitters, plumbers, skilled laborers, a truck driver, carpenters, upholsterers, electricians, 30 firemen, with a fire-station on the grounds, and engi-

neers. All are kept busy, and how! Trash is picked up daily from each hall. At night from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m., female guards patrol the halls for fires and other troubles three times or four times each night. The Farms are policed with guards from the Protective Division of the Public Building Administration.

All employees of the Farms are under Civil Service, 600 persons being on the payroll. The Farms are not quite completely staffed at that. It requires actually 35 individuals to run each hall, including the directors' staff, the business office, mail and information clerks. Maids and housemen care for the cleaning and the constant flow of incoming and outgoing packages and luggage.

Passing by Arlington Farms on the bus, one sees the girls in their trim garb flocking in and out of the gates in groups, chatting and happy. An air of efficiency and well-being pervades the place. One glimpses, too, the bright-hued umbrellas shading the tables and seats scattered about the lawns, or perhaps a group of girls and their boy friends, cooking an outdoor meal over an open fire. Brick ovens are numerous and picnics and wiener roasts are popular just as they are with the kids back home.

Arlington Farms covers 104½ acres of gently rolling land, tucked away close to Fort Myer and the Arlington Annex of the Navy Department, where many of the girls work. The Pentagon is down the valley a few blocks. Many of the residents are employed there.

Girls who live at the Farms must have no dependents with them, although mother and daughter, if both are workers, frequently arrive at the Farms together and live in double rooms if they are available. During the war a girl had to be an employee of an "essential agency" and she must have no higher rating than the Civil Service classification CAF 4, earning a basic pay of no more than \$2,100 per annum.

Rules and regulations other than those mentioned are not too strict. Quiet after 11 p.m. with all visitors taking their leave by that time; a rule that girls must sign in or show their keys after 2 a.m.; and the ruling that Saturday night guests must leave 12 midnight.

More than half the girls who live at Arlington Farms are 23 years old or less, most of them single. The largest single-age

group is that of nineteeners but they run from 16 to 60 and come from every state of the Union.

Most of them earn around \$1,660 per year.

The real heart of Arlington Farms is the Recreation Center, which stresses what its name implies. The Center is convenient to every Residence Hall. Its auditorium, which seats 1,200 persons, is large enough for sports events, dances, movies, church services, concerts and theatrical productions. A wing of the Center is composed of small rooms used for classes, informal games, group meetings, staff meetings, and the like. Here is a room where girls may study dancing, folk, tap, modern, ball-room and jitterbug. Here is complete kitchen, where Sunday suppers are dished up; a storeroom filled with equipment for all sorts of outdoor and indoor sports which rent for a small fee; an arts and crafts room for painters and sculptors; a sewing room, complete with ten sewing machines, a three-way mirror, an ironboard to help the girl intent on learning tailoring, plain dress-making, designing or concocting a funny little hat.

The library, started by the Potomac Business and Professional Woman's Club of Arlington, subscribes to all the best magazines. On the stage of the auditorium is one concert grand piano of outstanding quality and four practice pianos are tucked about in the offing. A confessional box is accessible. A big snack bar sports a juke box and the girls dance between snacks or root for volley ball, basket ball, horse shoes, badminton and tennis games going on outside.

A concrete projection booth is built in for movies. A portable victrola is popular and 12 bowling alleys are developing players. The Ft. Myer Cavalry barn, gave up its dome for the upstairs alleys. The walls are sound retarding; the alleys are managed on a concession and cost no more to use than alleys elsewhere. A photographic dark-room is for the use of a photography class.

College credits were at one time given on many of the night classes courses. Book reviews, bridge lessons—there is no end to diversion. Many girls, who have lived in isolated communities and were denied such things, enjoy them thoroughly. And think of a beauty shop with 30—30, I said—driers going full tilt.

More than 500,000 service men have called on as many girls

in the Recreation Hall "date room." A 50-voice Arlington Farms Chorus entertains at Army camps as does a home-talent vaudeville troupe. Sunday services with Navy chaplains officiating are held, before a handsome altar made by Farms carpenters.

Not only the Reception Hall but buildings at the Farms form a museum of fine art presented by the past and gone Fine Arts section of WPA.

The Government of the Farms has a Council, which elects its own mayor. The Council conducts the Saturday night dances, a monthly news sheet, the "Arlingazette"; wiener roasts; Sunday excursions to local points of interest. Besides the regular weekly dances at the Recreation Hall, each of the ten Halls hold a weekly dance at which officers and men from nearby camps attend.

"A Penny for Your Thoughts" broadcast is made before each regular dance on Saturday nights. Other broadcasts are held from time to time.

What's going to become of Arlington Farms, when the world settles back once more and the government girls who are occupying it at present begin the trek back home? Who knows? It is rumored that the Army may take back the Farms as a center for wounded veterans eventually.

At any rate, they are still there, bumper crop and all.

X

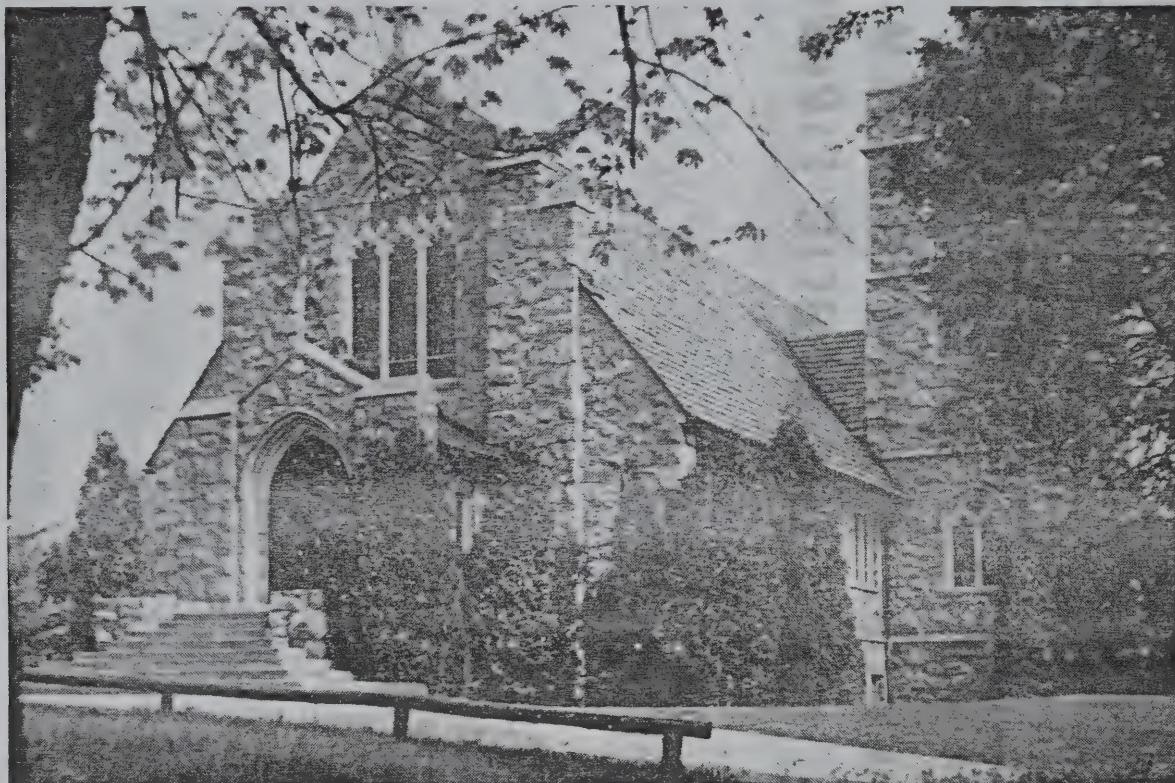
CHURCHES THRIVE

THAT Arlington is a God-loving community cannot be questioned. Religious groups, both in number and size of congregations as well as the scope of their activities, reveal an almost phenomenal growth. While serving as editor of a daily paper in Arlington, seldom a day passed that requests for information in regard to local churches did not come across my desk. I learned that while the faithful might enjoy an occasional visit to some Washington house of worship, the majority desire to affiliate with the church of their chosen faith in the neighborhood where they reside. For this reason, an appendix listing all Arlington churches appears in the back of this book.

Arlington churches are friendly churches. And, after all, nothing gives a stranger so warm and secure a feeling as a welcoming greeting from members of his own faith.

With 71 active congregations in Arlington, it is impossible to present in these pages more than a cross-section of them and their place in the affairs of the county.

Many pastors of Arlington churches have lived long in the County. They have grown gray and seasoned in their chosen field. Like the oaks on the Virginia hills, their roots have penetrated deeply into all that is Arlington. Their congregations are expanding so rapidly that their new buildings are filled almost before the roofs are in place. Others of the religious leaders impress one with their youth. These young ministers, coming into Arlington, are filled with a zeal and love for their work that is most heartening in this chaotic, war-crazed world. Many of them served in the war. Alert, earnest, sincere, like the Master whose teachings they expound, they give one an uplift of spirit, a sense of brightening horizons and a growing belief that from



Arlington churches are picturesque and lovely.

out this black welter of national hatreds, of racial antagonisms, of suspicion and intrigues there is emerging a dauntless America that will live and lead. That

"God's in His Heaven
All's well with the world!"

Arlington churches are beautiful. Almost without exception, they fit into the lovely landscape like gems set into a masterpiece. Many of them are of old English type, low-slung, artistic, and present that appearance of antiquity so charming and restful to the eye. Inside their walls, however, one finds the comforts and conveniences of modern times which best conform to the varied and numerous activities of a group of people who believe that living a full life here is the finest, most wholesome preparation for the hereafter.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The story behind every church in the County is packed with the thrills of accomplishment. For example, the First Presbyterian Church began as "The Ladies' Mite Society," in early 1872. The women met with Mrs. M. A. G. Hayes to talk over ways and means of organizing and building the church which they felt was sorely needed. From 1872 to 1876, the second floor of the old Mortimer blacksmith shop at "Ball's Crossroads," corner of Glebe Road and what is now Wilson Boulevard, served as a meeting place. Ground was broken for a church building in 1873. Dedicated by the Rev. David H. Riddle, October 22, 1876, the church grew so fast that it soon supported itself. In July, 1876, the 67 members of the congregation organized as the First Presbyterian Church of Ballston, Alexandria County. When Arlington became a separate county, the name Alexandria was dropped and Arlington substituted.

With seating capacity now at a premium, plans for a new structure to be erected on church owned property, adjacent to the present site, are almost ready.

The present pastor, Rev. George H. Yount, succeeding Rev. Dr. Linious J. Strock, was installed, May, 1944. Before coming to Arlington, Rev. Yount served in various interesting pastorates,

including three churches in Idaho, under the Board of National Missions. He also served as chaplain for the Pennsylvania Training School.

BETHEL EVANGELICAL AND REFORM CHURCH

The Rev. Lee A. Peeler, pastor of the Bethel Evangelical and Reform Church of Arlington and Mrs. Peeler work diligently in behalf of their rapidly growing flock. When Arlington Mission was enrolled by the Board of National Missions of the Evangelical and Reform Church, Doctor and Mrs. Peeler began their work June 1, 1941, in a room rented in the Kate Waller Barrett School, on North Henderson Road, October 24, 1943, the new congregation assembled for the first service in the first unit of a new Church, erected at 4347 Lee Boulevard. The charter membership list was held open until January 1, 1942, when the members were enrolled. The name, Bethel, was chosen by popular vote.

Ground breaking for the new church occurred Sept. 13, 1942, but difficulty in getting priorities delayed construction and the Corner Stone was not laid until July 25, 1943. The basement unit was built and dedicated Nov. 14 of that year. Since that time, the congregation has enjoyed a steady growth. An outstanding accomplishment of the year 1945 was a \$10,000 building fund for future construction, and work on the new church will continue as soon as priorities permit. The new building will cost \$75,000. The parsonage, located at 1 North Granada Street, was dedicated Oct. 26, 1941.

ST. CHARLES CATHOLIC CHURCH

This, the Mother Church of Catholicism in Arlington County, was organized by the Right Reverend Augustine Van deVyver, Bishop of Richmond, June, 1909. The first pastor, the Rev. Frederick P. Lackey was then curate at St. James Church in Falls Church. Temporary quarters served for a time but plans were being drawn for the present edifice whose cornerstone was laid Sept. 26, 1919 by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States who also dedicated the completed church, March 26, 1911. He was assisted by the Right Rev. Von deVyver.

St. Charles Parochial School, newly completed, was opened by the Benedictine Sisters of Bristol, Virginia. A convent was also opened for the Sisters, teaching in the school. Today eight Sisters teach more than 380 pupils.

Father Lackey was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas A. Rankin, July 1, 1927, who in turn was succeeded by the Rev. John A. Curran of St. Peters Church of Harpers Ferry. St. Charles Church, located just off Clarendon Circle, has twice been enlarged by Father Curran; the rectory has been enlarged and additional class rooms added to the school building. St. Agnes Mission, at 21st and Randolph Streets, was developed to the extent that it became an independent parish Nov. 8, 1936, from the original parish territory of 40 square miles St. Thomas. St. Agnes' members are now served by the Rev. Robert E. Hannon, Pastor, and the Rev. Justin D. McClunn, Assistant Pastor.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES CATHOLIC CHURCH

In May of this year, 1946, the Rev. Robert F. Beattie, named the first resident pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes, was installed June 9, 1946.

Located at 23rd and South Hayes Streets, Our Lady of Lourdes had its origin in 1927, when the Rev. Leonard J. Koster, celebrated mass for the first time in the beautiful Aurora Hills section. Mass was offered in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Lash, on South 25th Street, until August 18, 1929, when services were transferred to the Fire Hall on 23rd Street. Then Father Koster began planning. Under his direction, a block of land was bought at 23rd and South Hayes and construction started. This new church, a basement structure at present, seating more than 300, is so built that improvements and needed expansion may be made without interrupting activities. The new church was dedicated Sunday, November 19, 1939.

Following through the war years, parish population has grown until it became necessary to add extra masses and services.

Accordingly, the new parish of St. Ann's has recently been established on a tract of land of three acres extent at Fairfax Drive and North Frederick Streets, between Washington and

Wilson Boulevards, land being donated by St. Charles' Church. It is in the center of one of Arlington's fastest growing sections and plans call for a complete parish unit of church, school and convent in the near future.

THE ARLINGTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Under leadership of Elder Miles C. Munson, of the First Presbyterian Church of what was then Alexandria County, Arlington Presbyterian Church started back in 1905 as a Sunday School. It was made a mission of Ballston Church in June, 1906 and organized on April 21, 1908, with 21 charter members. The land on which the original church and parsonage were built was donated by Mrs. Mary F. Gray and Elizabeth and Charles G. Gaddis.

The original church was destroyed by fire, Dec. 20, 1924, after which services were held in Arlington Methodist Episcopal Church, temporarily. Dedication of the new church took place, Sunday, April 19, 1931. The Rev. Walter F. Wolf, eighth pastor of the congregation officiated. Rev. Wolf has served since May 1, 1930. The first pastor of the church was the Rev. James H. Depue who served four years.

THE ARLINGTON METHODIST CHURCH

The first Methodist meeting place in Arlington County, one finds by delving into the records, was Hunter's Chapel, back in the early days of the Civil War. Located on Hunter's Farm, where what is now the northeast corner of Columbia Pike and Glebe Road, the chapel was burned by the Union Army in preparation for a battle which was believed imminent. When the church was reorganized, services were held in the old Columbia Schoolhouse, a one-room, frame building at Columbia Pike and South Wayne Street.

In 1893, the Methodists, five in all, Mr. Sanford Bradbury, Mrs. Sarah E. Bailey, Mrs. Margaret Wibert, Mrs. Ida Corbett and Mrs. Emma Brickley, determined to build a church. Mr. Bradbury gave the lot on the Pike, 100 feet of Fillmore Street. Mrs. Bailey personally campaigned to push through the Court

of claims a grant of \$3,000 for the destruction of Hunter's Chapel. This paid off the mortgage. When the church was dedicated, a Washingtonian, impressed with the faith and zeal of the five Methodists, wrote and read at that service a poem to "The Faithful Five."

It was a hard struggle to keep going at best. The steeple blew off and completely over the church in a heavy windstorm in 1896. The Reverend William Pierpoint, personally rebuilt the steeple. This was his first charge. In 1925, the need for a Sunday School building was acute. The congregation met the need with \$6,000. Next, a parsonage was built at a cost of \$10,000. By this time the church was crowded to the limit, the condition growing so critical that in 1941 a lot on the corner of Glebe Road and South Eighth Street was purchased. Under the leadership of the Rev. Joseph S. Johnston, the live membership of 900 started a new church to cost approximately \$225,000. The cornerstone was laid April 13, 1946.

From the "Faithful Five, 1893" come greetings to the more than 900, 1946! A half century in the hard way but a glowing ending.

TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN

May 20, 1944, another new Arlington church was established by a Commission named by the Potomac Presbytery, who appointed the Rev. F. W. Haverkamp as Stated Supply. Of all the names suggested, "Trinity," beautiful in its simplicity, was chosen. On Sunday afternoon, Sept. 30, 1945, ground for the new building was broken in the presence of the members. Dr. James H. Taylor, of Washington, officiated but due to war priorities, work has been held up since then. Last December, Rev. J. Harvey Glass was installed as the new pastor and since that time, the church has added more than 30 members, the Sunday School has outgrown the temporary quarters, a Young People's group and a Men's Organization formed. The church, with its present membership of more than 150, looks forward eagerly to the completion of its handsome building which will be located at Sixteenth and Inglewood Streets.

ST. MARY'S EPISCOPAL

Another story of achievement is revealed in the records of St. Mary's Episcopal Church at Glebe Road and 26th Street. Less than 20 years have elapsed since ground was broken for the new church but it boasts a membership of more than 800. The first Sunday School, which began in 1927 with all of eight students, has grown to a live group of 400. Since its inception, St. Mary's has met the broadest community needs by expanding its facilities. Forums on current topics, Girl and Boy Scouts, Cubs, Brownies and Blue Birds; young people's and college groups; neighborhood clubs; Red Cross; citizens' associations; drama clubs; Boys' Athletic Clubs; and a Women's Auxilliary which welcomes every woman of the parish, are among the activities held within the church bounds. With all of these, the Parish expects to again expand its facilities within a short time.

The first rector, back in the days when the old electric car line brought its members to the door, was the Rev. John G. Sadler. The Rev. George F. Tittman, after several years service in other cities, recently came to St. Mary's from St. Louis, Missouri. During the great war just ended, he served as chaplain in the Navy for two or more years returning to his pastorate in January, 1946.

CALVARY METHODIST

Back in the year 1913, no school, no church, no store, no fire house could be found where now a thickly populated, prosperous, happy home community flourishes. As it began to grow, the need of a Sunday School was felt and one was organized in 1917 by Mr. Louis Storck and held in the Storck home on South Fern Street. Twenty-Nine persons attended.

A serious flu epidemic caused the school to be disbanded for three months and in 1919 a four month's recess was taken because of the need for Sunday work due to the first World War. After that, the Sunday School was held in the Hume school, on South Arlington Ridge Road, for two years. When bad weather and worse roads made the school inaccessible, sessions were held at

Aurora Hills Trolley Station. When this meeting place was outgrown, a new location was sought.

Up to this time, the Sunday School was undenominational. Then the Church Extension Board of the Methodist Protestant Church purchased a lot near the site of the present Church. A tent was erected and services were held during the summer and fall of 1922 until weather made it untenable. The Rev. C. G. Bacchus, a superannuate minister of the Maryland Conference was appointed to take charge of the work. That same fall of 1922, materials were purchased and men of the community volunteered their services and the wooden chapel, 24 by 48 feet, was built at a cost of \$1,200. The Sunday School, now numbering 68, met for the first time in the new Chapel and became an organization of the Methodist Protestant Church, with Mr. Storck as Superintendent, until 1927.

On Easter Sunday, March 31, 1929, Mr. Storck turned the first spadeful of dirt for the erection of a church building and in July 1929 the cornerstone was laid, the same trowel being used that George Washington used at the laying of the cornerstone of the United States Capitol. Meanwhile, on a lot adjoining the Church, a parsonage was built, Rev. John W. Townsend, Pastor, and his family moving in.

The Rev. Thomas G. Betschler, present incumbant, succeeded Rev. Townsend in 1943, arriving in Arlington from Seattle, Washington.

Mr. Storck, moving spirit in the church work, died in 1937 and a bronze tablet was unveiled to his memory in 1938. In that same year, the Louis Storck Memorial Organ was dedicated at an evening recital. In 1939, the Calvary Methodist Protestant Church became automatically the "Calvary Methodist Church" and a member of the Alexandria District of the Virginia Annual Conference. In 1941, the Sunday School building was completed. The contractor, who was also president of the Board of Trustees, Mr. H. L. Harris, refused to accept one dollar for his work and also contributed generously to the building fund. The relocated Chapel is used for Scout meetings and similar functions.

Despite the ravages of war-time as reflected in the church groups, the hundreds of new neighbors who came to Arlington to live during this period from all over the country, gave to the

membership a cosmopolitan aspect, the membership of today embracing 641 persons, many of whom formerly embraced many different denominations. Financial progress keeping pace with spiritual growth, a lot was purchased last year adjoining the church which will be developed into a recreational site for church groups, including a fireplace, picnic tables, croquet lawn, badminton courts, horse shoes, etc. This will tie in with a greatly enlarged program for Young People which is already in action.

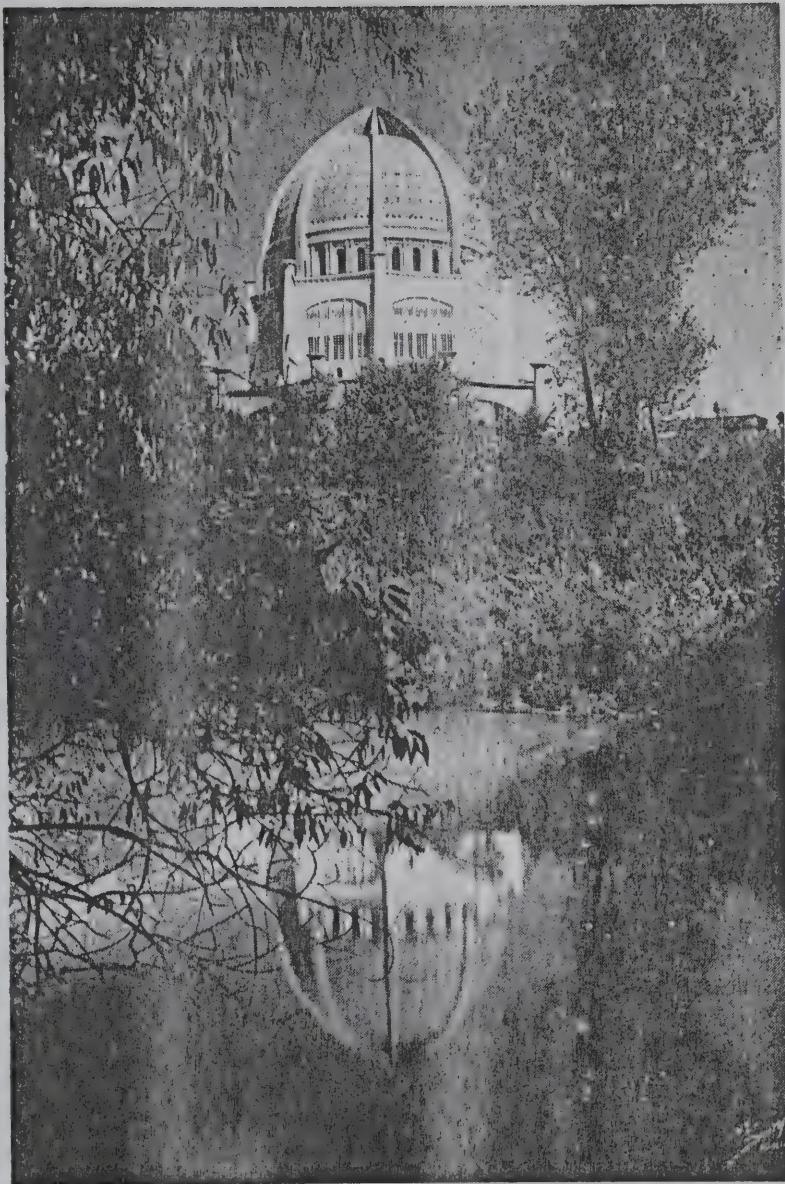
Among activities stressed by this church are the Woman's Society of Christian Service; Youth Fellowship; a fine choir; Young Adult Class; Yokeyfellow's Bible Class; Setrucha Bible Class; Boy Scouts and Cub Pack.

CLARENDRON FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Keeping pace with the stirring development of Arlington, the Clarendon Baptist Church is also one of those fine institutions which has developed strength the "hard way." Back in 1909, the organization was effected with a membership of twenty-three persons. Meetings held wherever possible included an undertaker's establishment. In July of 1909, lots were purchased on Herndon Street and in December, a Sunday School was organized. The following December, the Herndon Street lots were exchanged for the present location. The membership had grown to 62, under the leadership of Rev. W. S. O. Thomas.

Not until 1914 were the efforts of the Rev. Swain, who succeeded Thomas, rewarded by the beginning of construction on the present building. The membership then numbered 89. By 1916, when Rev. G. L. Allen became Pastor, the 89 had grown to 100 and by 1918, was listed as 156. In 1918, the Rev. C. P. Ryland took over the work. From then till he was called elsewhere, the exterior of the building was finished; a parsonage on Highland Street purchased, the membership increased to 318, remarkable gains in all departments, including the organization of a Baptist Young People's Union.

A branch Sunday School was organized in Ballston which has grown into the Ballston Baptist Church. In 1917, a lovely new parsonage was built. In 1928, the Church entered the Potomac Association. In 1936, the \$35,000 Sunday School Unit was com-



Baha'i Temple said to be the most beautiful temple in the world. It was designed and built in Rosslyn, then shipped piece by piece to Wilmette, Ill., on the shore of Lake Michigan.

pleted, many members giving personal notes as security. In 1940, Rev. Mitchel, then resigning after 16 years as Pastor, had increased the membership to 1,029.

The present Pastor, Rev. Frank L. Snyder, and his talented wife have given untiring effort to the upbuilding of the Church. From 1940 to 1943, the local missionary and benevolent enterprises were carried to a higher level than ever before. A debt of \$29,000 was paid and since June, 1923, a \$50,000 building fund has accumulated toward the erection of a new building on the site of the present structure to cost \$225,000. More than 500 members have been added to the roster and Mr. Snyder has made 4,900 pastoral calls.

WILSON BOULEVARD CHRISTIAN CHURCH

From small beginnings, the Wilson Boulevard Christian Church, now under the leadership of the Rev. Glendale Burton, Minister, has grown apace and looks forward to a greatly expanded program to meet the spiritual needs of the community.

This local congregation of Christians began its meetings in a private home in 1913. Mrs. Elizabeth Dey, of Ballston, was prime mover in the tiny group which met in the Ballston School building for a time, the late Henry F. Lutz, a Washington pastor, encouraging the effort by his presence. In 1914, a Tabernacle was erected and a meeting conducted by Mr. E. L. Organ of Indiana began the opening of the Tabernacle in 1915. From the 17 members of that group, the membership grew to 30 before the close, four weeks later. Not until May, 1917 did the church have a building of its own, when the men erected a frame building on Stafford Street which served for several years. An Easter Service in 1924, christened the unit of a basement, which was dedicated later on May 25. When plans were drawn for the superstructure in 1928, it was found that there was no foundation under the walls and the building had to be razed and rebuilt from the ground up. The Ballston School, again, being called into play as a meeting place.

The present building was dedicated September 22, 1929.

When the hordes of government workers began pouring into the Nation's Capitol in this present decade, Mr. Ira P. Harbaugh,

who had so splendidly filled the post as minister to the congregation during the unhappy "30's" when the church was enduring a hard struggle to exist throughout the vicissitudes of the period, passed to his reward.

The Rev. Glendale Burton, from Indiana, began the leadership of the flock at that time (1943) and the growth of the church has been marked by a steady increase in membership and in activities. The present membership has reached 480 and an expanding program is planned for the near future.

CHAPEL OF THE OPEN DOOR

This descriptive title explains the real missionary spirit of the Fort Myer Heights Baptist Church, which was organized early in the present century, the date on the cornerstone reading 1901. Throughout the years, some 135 members have enrolled by baptism or letter. The group contributes to 14 agencies, including home and foreign missions. Rev. W. M. Seligman is pastor; G. B. M. Ricker, treasurer, Miss Ailene Furr, organist and Mrs. Lucy Gibson, clerk.

OUR SAVIOR LUTHERAN CHURCH

Mr. Wade Pearson, manager of Arlington's seven theaters, helped put this fine little congregation on its feet. During the infancy of the church he loaned his Wilson Boulevard theater for meetings and on occasion loaned the handsome Buckingham theater for special Christmas celebrations.

I have a sort of personal feeling for this church. I am not a Lutheran nor have I attended a single meeting, but during my editorial years in Arlington, each week, the clear-eyed, zealous young theological students, who were "carrying the message" down at the Wilson Theater, brought church notices each week and I learned to know them as I did other young ministers in Arlington.

Not quite two years after the first Missouri Synod Lutheran service was held in the county, the permanent home of Our Savior Evangelical Lutheran Church was dedicated, Sunday, August 8, 1843, to the strains of "A Mighty Fortress," a recording by a

famous symphony orchestra coming from the public address system, as the celebrants gathered at the door. After the opening prayer, the keys were handed to the Rev. Paul M. Kavasch, the pastor, by E. E. Lyons, of Vienna, Va.

The new church is very attractive, being built on Colonial lines, inside and out, and the congregation, filling a long felt need, is continuing to thrive and grow into its destined niche.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS CHURCH

Ten members of one family group founded this church in Arlington in 1904. The William A. Lewis's gave the land and built a tiny chapel at 1101 South Glebe Road. Mr. Lewis became the first elder.

Among others who served in this capacity was Guenther Hvale, in 1913. Mr. Hvale was a gifted pianist. Inheriting his musical talent from his aunt, Christine Neilson, who sang before royalty in Europe. He organized fine choruses and through the nineteen yyears of service, swayed both young and old with his deep spiritual nature.

A. N. Allen, another elder, brought to his congregation a largess of experiences from the Orient and South Africa, where he was a missionary. The present elder, Martin Kemerer, took office in 1942, the church membership increasing materially since then. A new church building is on the way at Ninth and Lincoln Street.

Adventist missions are noted for their medical institutions all over the world. The Arlington Church is very generous in contributions to foreign missions. Their work for famine relief is outstanding. The church school over a long period of years has trained ministers, nurses, teachers and Bible workers for a world-wide program.

The Lewis and Whitehead families, pioneers in Arlington, tie their family history closely into local history as well as church history.

Other prominant members include the sons of the late David Babcock, who worked as missionary. David Babcock and his stories of the Dark Continent, were equally fascinating, picturing the huge snakes, heathen mysticism, cannibals, along with the

strange pageantry of African life, it's queer rites and customs. Babcock's versatility, his great personal magnetism, his keen sense of humor, combined with a deep spiritual nature tended to make the natives with whom he worked more amenable to British authority.

Foster Babcock, eldest son, is an artist in Philadelphia. His stunning magazine covers attract wide attention. Incidentally, he married his model.

Corporal David Babcock, second son, gave up a lucrative career when he entered military service, although he did not abandon his musical career altogether. His superior officers commandeered his music. Chapel organist in camp, he also assists the chaplain. His playing at the Pentagon during Holy Week brought wide and favorable comment. A graduate of Washington-Lee High School, he contributed to the various entertainments. He has much of the personal magnetism of his father.

Captain Arlington Babcock, recently home from overseas, served in the medical corps. He was an honor student at Washington-Lee High, and earned a scholarship to the University of Virginia. Many quaint yarns are told of the young Arlington. The Babcocks as a family were quick to learn the native languages wherever they were stationed. Arlington, even as a four-year-old was usually a few laps ahead of the others. In one place, he rolled off words and phrases long before the parents caught up with him. One in particular. He used it constantly before they discovered that the choice epithet he was applying to playmates and servants meant "son of a concubine," which was the greatest insult one man could call another!

The Dorcas Society of the Adventist Church has sent hundreds of garments abroad. Another pet project is helping families who have been burned out of house and home.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST LATTER DAY SAINTS

Popularly known as the Mormon Church, the Church of Jesus Christ Latter Day Saints, takes keen interest in Arlington because of its proximity to Washington. In the Nation's Capitol, a most beautiful Mormon Temple rises in stately grace on Sixteenth Street, N. W.

The Arlington ward of the Church was organized in June, 1940. Members have resided in Arlington over a period of years, but the church is so organized that local stakes and wards are created only when a membership is large enough to support activities as an independent unit. Before the Washington stake and its component wards were organized, there existed the Capitol District of the Eastern States Mission, whose membership consisted mostly of federal workers in Washington from the Rocky Mountain area, although some members have always lived here.

The late Senator Reed Smoot and William A. King, Elbert D. Thomas and Abe Murdock always encouraged church members to come to Washington that they may become acquainted with and serve in the federal government and also take advantage of the many fine law schools and medical schools in the area. Many of these students have married and are established residents of Arlington. They contribute materially to the welfare and advancement of the community as home owners and tax payers. They are interested in Arlington as a place to live and raise a family. The present membership of the local church is nearly 800, comprising 255 families.

In 1938, H. Lawrence Manwaring, first branch president; W. C. West, first counselor and Wayne G. Bowen were the first officers of the newly organized ward.

Numerous auxilliary groups of church activities were also organized at this time. Mrs. Sarah A. B. Israelson, headed the adult women's group, the Relief Society; Merrill L. Tribe, the Sunday School; John S. Griffin, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association; Margaret Bennton, the Young Women's companion group; Mrs. Mary I. Hall Allred, the Primary and Juvenile groups.

The ward then included all Arlington, Alexandria and Vienna, Virginia, and contiguous territory, the branch using the Community Center building at 1059 North Irving Street. With only a scattering membership, the branch grew rapidly and on June 30, 1940, the late Rudger Clawson, president of the council of twelve apostles and a high ranking official, presided at a session for the purpose of organizing the new Washington stake. With him was Albert E. Bowen, also a member of the twelve apostles; and Frank Evans, president of the Eastern States Mission, who

had presided at the organization of the branch two years before, in the handsome L. D. S. church at Sixteenth and Columbia Road, N. W., Washington. First president of the new Washington stake was Ezra T. Benson, a recognized agricultural leader. He was later called to Salt Lake City as a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles and he is now head of the European Mission of the church, mainly occupied with a far reaching relief and welfare program to aid stricken members of the church on the war ravaged continent and the British Isles. Edgar B. Brossard, member of the United States Tariff Commission succeeded Mr. Benson. Mr. Brossard is still head of the Washington stake and as do all stake and ward officers, serves without remuneration.

Mr. Manwaring, president of the branch, also served as first bishop of the new ward with T. G. Brown and Raymond Price, counselors, and John H. Henricksen, clerk. Two reorganizations have taken place. On July 11, 1943, John Henry Smith became bishop, aided by Byrom F. Dixon and Wylie D. Goodsell, counselors and E. J. Smith and W. H. Haslom, clerks. When Bishop Smith moved to California, the present group of officers, Byrom F. Dixon, bishop; Mr. Goodsell and Robert R. Burton, counselors and Milo B. Shaffer were sustained.

Soon the demand for additional space became so great that a new meeting place had to be found. Enlarged quarters, located in Arlington Village, 2508 Columbia Pike, have now served the ward through the past two years, although the growing membership is severely handicapped in its activities because of insufficient space.

Building obviously offered the one solution but the war was prohibitive. With plans, now complete, the availability of materials remains the one obstacle to the building of a new structure at Sixteenth Street and North Inglewood. When completed, the new building will be an all-inclusive house of worship and activity center. At an estimated cost of \$150,000 it will have a chapel, seating 450, a combination auditorium and recreational room and class rooms, besides offices for the bishopric and auxillary organizations.

Financed by contributions of ward members and by funds provided by the church, construction will go forward as materials become available and financing is provided by the membership.

One of the basic church precepts is for members to stay out of debt and the bishopric feels that it is essential that the ward obey this admonition without regard to the severe need for larger and more suitable meeting quarters.

ARLINGTON JEWISH CENTER

Only seven years old, the Arlington Jewish Center has kept step with the rapid growth of the County. In 1939, a mere handful of Jewish residents, began its work of providing a center for the worship, the education and culture of the faith. Three small rooms in the Jones Building on Wilson Boulevard, are headquarters for the time being but these are inadequate for all but its smallest activities and borrowed quarters have been sought elsewhere in Arlington for Sunday School, High Holy Day Services, lectures, installations and other occasions. At these times, the Clarendon Methodist Church, the Ashton Heights Woman's Club, Lyon Park Community House, Ashton Theater, Colonial Village and Board of Education have generously aided the growing organization in the war years.

Embarking on its own building program, the Center plans to build on its own lot at Lee Boulevard and Fenwick Street, having started a movement to raise \$100,000 to promote the plan.

Rabbi Ira Sud, the spiritual leader since last August, 1945, is the third to hold that position. Three times each week, Hebrew classes are taught in the Jones building offices by Joseph Segal, recently engaged. On Sunday mornings, classes for children of all ages are taught. A kindergarten for children from 3½ years up was inaugurated this year. It meets in Colonial Village. The total membership has reached 125. Chairman of the Education Committee, Mr. Haskell Jacobs, is also a member of the Arlington County Community Council.

Mrs. Julius Coen is chairman of the very active Women's League of 150 members. Other educational groups include the Adult Classes, headed by Mrs. Harod Wilkenfeld; a Choral group, conducted by Mr. Jack Werner; Cub Pack, 142; Boy Scout Pack, No. 142; Girl Scout Troup No. 30; and a Junior League for teen-agers, with Mr. Irving Gottschall heading all secular youth

activities. A library is one of the leading promotional features for young and old.

Managing the Center is Dr. Frank Feldman, president of the Executive Council.

Heading the special fund-raising committee to meet the vital needs of the growing Center is Abe Beyda, Chairman; E. Ed Goldberg, Treasurer; Mrs. Sol Stieber, Chairman of the Women's Division; Max Barash, Dr. Feldman, Harry H. Holdstein, Nathan Silberger and Rabbi Ira Sud.

THE BAHAI FAITH

The Baha'i Faith, a world religion, originated in Persia, in 1844. Now, members, groups, or assemblies of all races, creeds or nationalities are active in all parts of the world.

The first local Spiritual Assembly, which is the governing body, was formed in Arlington, April 21st, 1942. An assembly, whether local or national, is always composed of nine members. The nine members were: Mrs. Gretchen Bronwick, Mrs. Anna-marie Honnold, Miss Feny Paulson, Mr. Perry Gawan, Mrs. Perry Gawan, Mr. H. S. Cowan, Mrs. H. S. Cowan, Mr. J. E. Rice and Mrs. J. E. Rice.

A Baha'i is one who is a follower of the Founder, Baha'ullah, which translated, means the "Glory of God." Says one of their membership:

"To be a Baha'i simply means to love all the world;
To love humanity and try to serve it;
To work for universal peace and universal brotherhood."

There is no paid clergy. The first chairman of the Assembly was Mrs. Gretchen Bronwick. Mr. C. Irving Hansen is the present chairman.

The Baha'i Temple at Wilmette, Illinois on Lake Michigan, just out of Chicago, is the central shrine and House of Worship of the followers of Baha'ullah in North America. Many persons who have seen both temples, vow it is even more exquisitely beautiful than the famous Taj Mahal in India. Something new in architecture, it has become a center of attraction to thousands who travel from all parts of the world to view its beauty and to pray within its walls.



Detail of Bahá'í Temple.

The Baha'i's of Arlington meet in the different homes and there is a center in Washington. The Baha'i plan is to eventually build a house of worship in every city, symbolizing their conception of the Universality of true Faith.

The Baha'i Temple is of especial interest to Arlingtonians as the intricate ornamentation of the Temple was created and made here in Rosslyn in the John J. Earley Studios on North Arlington Ridge Road and Wilson Boulevard. The late Louis Borgeois, architect of the Temple, stated years ago that "The History of this Temple as step by step it unfolds, is so unique that already the story will fill a book."

As conceived by Borfeois, another noted architect, H. Van Buren McGonigle, said: "It is to be a Temple of Light in which structure, as usually understood, is to be concealed; visible support so far as possible, eliminated, and the whole fabric to take on the airy substance of a dream. It is a lacy envelope, enshrining an idea—the idea of Light; a shelter of cobweb interposed between earth and sky—struck through and through with light—light which shall partly consume the forms and make of it a faery."

Nineteen years to a day was required to erect the superstructure. It was dedicated May 1, 1931. In March 1934, the dome was completed and in that same month, a contract was made with John J. Early for the external decoration of the clerestory section at an estimated cost of \$35,000.

A materials committee, consisting of five noted engineers and architects, had investigated for nine years, various building materials and their use in monumental structures. After exhaustive study, testing and numerous conferences, the contract was awarded to the Earley Studios. John J. Earley, an architectural sculptor, who had been associated with Laredo Taft in many ventures, had developed something entirely new in architectural concrete. The very nature of the design of the Temple with its fanciful ornamentation and repetition of detail was particularly adaptable to concrete, plastic when placed on moulds or on a building as it became as hard and durable as stone upon setting.

Mr. Earley had a plant in Rosslyn, Va. that was peculiarly adapted to the fashioning of the dome ornamentation. Preliminary work was started in July 1932. It was soon discovered that

it would be much more economical to make the dome ornamentation in the plant than at the Temple property, then ship the completed sections to the Temple. Mr. Earley's first step was the modeling and carving of the original clay model for each and every section. A unique feature in casting the concrete sections was the use of a mat or framework of high carbon steel rods which formed the reinforcement and gave high early strength to the casting, for the handling and the subsequent making of each section into a structure designed to resist the highest possible pressures produced from wind, snow, ice and other elements.

After concrete casts were removed from the molds, skilled laborers scraped the mortar meticulously from the outer surfaces and polished them down to the exposed aggregate. This gave the entire outer surface a quality that was radiantly white. In casting the forms, a fine powdered quartz, mixed with a superior white cement was used. Many manufacturers of fine concrete ornamentation tried to imitate Mr. Earley's methods but with little success.

Despite unexpected difficulties that cropped up from time to time, in July 1942, the nine faces of the main story and their adjacent pylons—great columns rising to a height of 45 feet above the main floor—were given their final cleaning and stood forth in their marvelous beauty.

Perhaps, when driving along Lake Michigan's shores, the reader may chance upon this lovely Temple of Baha'i and recall the part Virginia's Arlington played in giving to the world this this heavenly creation of art and skill.

SCHOOLS

IT happened at a heated session in connection with the selection of a new school board two years ago. Citizens called a mass meeting to be held in the Court House. New residents in the community had been waging war for months to elect members of the board that were more to their liking. The Court room was packed. Those unable to squeeze in were crowded about the doors. Both Old-timers and New-timers spoke their minds freely, nobody apparently getting anywhere in their arguments.

Near the end of the meeting, an elderly man, from the back of the room climaxed a lengthy oration by shouting: "What have our boys overseas to come home to? Nothing but God and the school system!"

The proverbial pin, dropping, would have sounded like an iron crowbar on a tin roof! Sleepy heads perked up and looked about as the speaker strode to his stance against the wall. Nobody smiled. After all, that was a marvellous combination!

"God and the school system!" All the ideologies in the world couldn't whip a combination like that.

Virginia, as a whole, does not rate too highly in the educational field of the nation. Arlington County, however, is one of the most progressive counties, educationally speaking, in the State. And, do not think, for one moment that to make this high rating has been easy. When a local superintendent of schools is compelled to run to the federal government for permission to improve or even repair a fast deteriorating building or replace a piece of necessary equipment, as is the case at present, then hear a few adamant officials say: "It can't be done," or "You can have it but it must be like this, not as you want it," is rather disheartening. And only the most desperate need for a NEW school build-

ing in a fast-growing place like Arlington brings that new building into existence.

The State of Virginia's public education facilities are deeply shadowed back beyond the 1870's. Particularly in northern Virginia and especially in Alexandria County as Arlington was then called.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, three main types of education existed. Private tutors or governesses were only for the wealthy, with grammer schools for secondary training and community or old field schools for the middle class. No attempt was made to work out a state plan of education until Thomas Jefferson's plan of 1779. This scheme left the administration and locations of schools to county officials. Even after that initial try, the idea of universal public education was slow to materialize. The wealthy thought it was meant for paupers. The poorer classes resented it. Clear up to the Civil War days, the few attempts to establish free public education met with no tangible results. From 1818 to 1846, a trifle more interest was evidenced.

In 1846, the General Assembly passed an act providing for a system of primary schools but the counties were not compelled to adopt this and the state held no controls over the schools. Local taxation and the State Literary Fund which was established in 1810 and obtained its income from confiscations, fines, and state income taxes was used to support the schools. A few counties only tried this plan.

The earliest record of a school in Alexandria was a grammer school, likely a tuition school, in 1739. In 1788, the Alexandria Academy was founded, a tuition school until 1797, when Washington endowed a free department. So far, this was the first free school in Northern Virginia. The first money from the State Literary Fund was given to Alexandria on January 18, 1848, the amount given being in proportion to the white population.

The charter of the City of Alexandria, in 1853, following the retrocession from the District of Columbia, empowered the city council to establish and maintain free public schools. Before 1870, however, no record exists of any public schools outside of the Alexandria City limits. Many of the youngsters crossed the Potomac to attend school in the Capitol. A tuition school was set up in Mount Olivet Church about 1834 which flourished to

the time of the Civil War and was taught by Oliver Cox. It was not a church school and all ages attended. Bernie Ball was conducting a school about that time, also. During the Civil War, Samuel Stalecup is said to have taught a school in a log cabin on the Febrey Farm, children coming to classes from as far away as Fairfax. This was a tuition school.

In the state school system set up in 1869, Richard L. Carne was appointed the first superintendent of the Alexandria schools, both city and county. He then gave up the city schools after two years, devoting his time entirely to the county schools until 1881. From then until 1917, several men served as superintendent. In that year, Mr. Fletcher Kemp became Superintendent.

During the almost thirty years which Mr. Kemp has worked to build up the present system, not only the system itself but the man has grown in stature. Mr. Kemp is self-made and has acquired his fine education not only in book-learning but in the business of administering his office, the hard way. That he has succeeded in building a strong school system goes without saying, as statistics, will reveal.

In 1870, three public schools opened in Arlington district of the county: Columbia School in what is now known as Old Arlington; Walker School at Ball's Cross Roads (Balston); and Arlington (negro) at Freedman's Village.

When the name of Alexandria County was changed to that of Arlington, only one school existed in the county—Mt. Vernon School, in a portable building—offering work above the eighth grade. Thirty pupils and two teachers took up high school work, others finding it convenient to attend the Mt. Vernon School, going either to public schools in Washington, D. C. or private schools. Need for another high school was acute and in September, 1919, George Mason High School was opened in the Jefferson District of the County with four teachers and thirty-nine pupils. Four years high school work was offered and the school operated until the territory was annexed from Arlington County by Alexandria, a pleasant little habit, apparently, of that enterprising city!

In October, 1925, Washington-Lee High School, centrally located for the Jefferson and the Washington Districts, was opened. About 600 pupils enrolled right off the reel to take up

both junior and senior high school work, three years of the former and three years of the latter being offered.

At this time school buildings were inadequate and failed to meet the needs or requirements for standard school buildings. The Mt. Vernon School, along with Clarendon, Ballston and Cherrydale schools were housed in fairly new and modern buildings. Park Lane and Barcroft rented their buildings which were of poor type for the purpose and in other buildings heat, light and ventilation were very bad.

At present, twenty-seven schools for white and four for negro pupils are filled to capacity. Some growth in the twenty-nine years! When Mr. Kemp took over only sixteen schools, twelve for white pupils and four for negroes, were in operation.

Reorganization of the county schools was felt as early as 1919. A committee composed of Dr. Wm. R. Smithy, of University of Virginia, M. L. Combs, State Supervisor of Secondary Education, E. E. Windes, Assistant Specialist Rural High School, U. S. Office of Education was appointed to consider questions of high school level.

Rachel Grigg, Virginia Department of Education, Annie Reynolds, Assistant Specialist in Elementary School Supervision, U. S. Bureau of Education, and William M. Robinson, Assistant Specialist in Teacher Training, U. S. Bureau of Education, composed the committee appointed to study the needs of the elementary schools.

Their report was accepted by the School Board December 19, 1924 and approved by the State Department June 12, 1925. Reorganization took place at the opening of school in the fall of 1925.

High School work for Washington and Arlington districts was organized in 1924 with work in Ballston and Cherrydale Schools pending construction of a central school for the districts.

In October, 1925, Washington-Lee was ready for occupancy. There were 18 classrooms, 2 laboratories, gymnasium, cafeteria, auditorium, and a library, and a building for shop work. Twenty-two teachers were employed and six-hundred pupils enrolled. Increased population required additional space so Washington-Lee was enlarged between 1930-35. In 1936, 47 classrooms, 3 laboratories, 2 gymnasiums, shop and mechanical drawing rooms, audi-

torium, enlarged cafeteria, library, 6 offices and stadium were added. The enrollment was 2,262 with 65 teachers.

Washington-Lee High School is a fully accredited high school, being accredited by both the State Department of Education and the Southern Association of Secondary Schools. Besides the usual high school subjects of English, algebra, geometry, history, languages, and science; Washington-Lee offers commercial work, music, art, distributive education, industrial arts, home economics, wood shop, auto mechanics, sheetmetal work, and architectural drawing. The Glee Clubs, Bands, Cadet Corps, and Girls' Auxiliary are outstanding organizations which cooperate in all school and community enterprises.

The Junior High Schools of Arlington County offer well rounded programs of work in the basic skills, as well as exploratory work in the fields of art, music, shop and home economics.

In both the junior and senior high schools, a comprehensive program of sports is offered, there being both intra-mural and varsity sports program in which every boy and girl is encouraged to participate.

XII

PUBLIC UTILITIES

ORIGINALLY, it was planned to dwell very lightly on the heavier items of Arlingtonia, special editions of local publications stressing them in this centennial year, but one must admit that even such prosaic things as public utilities have their dramatic side.

For instance, the smoothly functioning Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company in Arlington has grown and developed as rapidly as the county, itself. Ten years ago, the county boasted less than 40,000 people. Now more than 130,000 call it home. One tidbit in connection with the telephone company comes to mind. Washington's first telephone exchange entered Arlington on the wires of a private line system operated by George C. Maynard, who installed the first line in the District of Columbia. The line was strung from the office of the chief signal officer of the Army to the Commandant's office at Fort Whipple, in Arlington. That was back in 1877—long before you and I were young, Maggie! A more modern switchboard, serving the twentyfour wire peg switch, with six humming lines was installed in 1879, and what do you know? The operators were boys. Girls were snubbed until 1881. A few years ago in a feature story appearing in Fortune Magazine, it was related that the male operators were changed because the male voices sounded (at that time) like "Bulls of Bashan," while the female voice was soothing and pleasant to hear! This little item may be of interest to radio networks, particularly to frequency modulation systems! Moreover, the switchboard gals relayed bits of information from one person to another, when a caller couldn't wait; woke up the baby; reminded mother to set the yeast or as a special favor, call Dad to hurry home and make himself generally useful.



Rosslyn 1944, where Moore Street leaves the Circle and goes it's own way. The old Arlington Trust Building is half hidden by one of the huge Virginia buses that performed so nobly in war time.

Mentioning radio, no station in Arlington County has yet begun to function, although the new Philco station whose faery-like towers are silhouetted against the sky, from Arlington's highest hill, was in June of this year, 1946, sold to a Washington newspaper to be operated in connection with WINX, one of Washington's lesser outfits. Also, Thomas Broyhill and J. Maynard Magruder have applied for the sole remaining "spot" allotted to this area for A.M. and F.M. by the Federal Communications Commission, it is understood. Mr. Broyhill expects to locate the broadcasting studios in his new six-story business block on Edison Street, North, directly back of the Arlington Trust Company.

Transportation facilities in Arlington serve the County in a more or less lop-sided fashion—through no fault of their own. The major complaint lodged against them is that no cross-county lines exist, the Arnold bus-lines travelling Lee Highway, Wilson Boulevard and Lee Boulevard, before fanning into streets going in the same general directions; the Arlington and Fairfax line, trail into the Pentagon, where most passengers who are not going into Washington are disgorged or transfer to Alexandria lines. Weak and inadequate roadbeds, lack of grading and hairpin curves, render cross-county streets impossible for heavy traffic. As a consequence, merrily millions of dollars each year roll down hill and over the bridges into the coffers of Washington business houses, who pay no taxes in the County, and do precious little advertising in local newspapers. This will be remedied without doubt, now that priorities can be lifted and both the County and the utilities can find their less repressed and less restricted ways about.

Over the years, Arlington could boast nary a hotel, no adequate meeting places for the numberless committees and other larger groups to carry on. No swimming pools, save a private one or two, no real recreation grounds for the public. Most available places are much too small and are booked up weeks and months ahead, so tremendous is the demand. This fault, too, may be laid on the door step of Washington, which despite the fact that it cannot and will not be able to cope with the demand for decent hotel accommodations for years hence, (by the plain admission of none other than its own great Board of Trade) still brings every pressure to bear against making Arlington more

than a mere residential suburb of the Capitol. The District removes the cream and continues to hope that Arlington likes skimmed milk. Arlington pays the tax freight.

How it was wangled, who knows, but recently permission was granted for the erection of a fine, big modern apartment hotel on Lee Boulevard. Nine stories in height, it promises to be the last word in hotels. This is bound to be the fore-runner of many similar hotels and Mr. and Mrs. Arlington can entertain their overnight guests, without having to sleep on a pallet on the floor because accomodations could not be had elsewhere!

Another proof of growing civic consciousness in Arlington, is the new Living War Memorial to be erected on Lee Boulevard. A sorely needed civic center, it will provide one huge auditorium, many small ones, club rooms for the several veterans groups in the County, a banquet hall and all appurtenances; a rifle range and meeting place for Virginia's State Guard members, a swimming pool and recreation facilities for Arlington youth. We who love Arlington and want her to have the best of everything and only the best, predict that this Living Memorial will bring a unity of feeling between the many communities in the County, as will nothing else.

However, returning to the subject at hand, utilities, three major transportation companies, Arlington's well-equipped bus lines and the six or more fleets of taxicabs flourish like the proverbial green bay tree. When something happens to one of the bus lines, Arlington practically goes into mourning. They, too, started from small beginnings and like all utilities who serve the public to the best of their ability deserve all praise.

Neither Arlington nor contiguous territory, including Washington, could carry on without them. Not a real breakdown in service occurred during all this wartime hurly-burly, with the exception of some labor disruption two years ago.

Leon Arnold, head of the motor coach line bearing his name, is Washington's pioneer in the business. He started the Washington Rapid Transit Company; the first motor coach service between Washington and Baltimore and later, between Washington and Atlantic City. He brought the first double-deck buses into the Capitol. In 1926, Mr. Arnold disposed of his earlier transportation operations and inaugurated the Arnold-Operated Lines

(Washington, Virginia and Maryland) in Northern Virginia. From a few coaches in 1926, the Arnold Lines now operate literally hundreds of the largest, best equipped buses available. He and his staff, headed by Joseph Arnold, his son and H. H. England, have spared nothing to provide his employees all the benefits as accrue to such an association.

The Alexandria, Barcroft and Washington Line, with its home in Alexandria does a thriving business throughout the Fairlington section of Arlington County and along Arlington Ridge Road. This, too, is a splendidly equipped line with the big red and silver coaches. Friendly drivers follow the policies of service laid out by the Mays, who own the line.

The Arlington and Fairfax Line is a descendant of the electric railway, that once wound its way from Washington to Falls Church and later to Fairfax Court House. This, too, goes by way of the Pentagon to Washington. It also enters Fort Myer and carries its passengers to the entrance of the National Cemetery, the Arlington Air Port and points of interest along the Memorial Highway.

Taxicabs are plentiful to the great satisfaction of the public, who find waiting on shelterless, wet or windy bus stops very wearying, when loaded with bags and bundles from shopping expeditions or when in a hurry. Elmer Carr, operating the Black and White cabs; Waldo Nichols and his Yellow Cabs; the Hughes Company, the City Cabs and the County Cabs, supply a needed service to busy people.

XIII

WOMEN AT WORK!

NONE would dare minimize the women's share in the county activities during the years just past. They have taken the lead in every major project, including the Red Cross, War Bond sales, Community Chest, Health and Welfare, Tuberculosis, Infantile Paralysis, Cancer Cause and Cure and so on and on, although they may not have been the nominal heads of these groups. When day schools and nurseries for small children of working mothers, whose husbands or may not have been in service or in the armed forces, have been needed, it is the women who have gone forth and put the plans over the top. Who does not recall the struggle to increase the pay for underpaid local nurses, teachers, and others who had no particular influence among groups in authority in the County? In practically every case, it was the women who actually went to bat, although sympathetic consideration may have been given them by various mixed organizations including the Parent-Teacher Associations, the Federation of Citizen's Associations, and others.

ORGANIZED WOMEN VOTERS OF ARLINGTON COUNTY

In casting about for material to use in this particular part of a book about Arlington, the consensus of opinion was that Mrs. Ruby Simpson active civic worker would be most helpful. Mrs. Simpson has been a member of the Organized Women Voters of Arlington County since the second meeting of the group in the early part of 1923. During that period, she has missed but two meetings—which is certainly some record!

Mrs. Catherine Rogers (the members use their voting

names, not the names of husbands) was prime mover of the organization and served three consecutive terms as its president. From an early membership of 60, it has risen to 400, although the war has had some effect on the members. The group, dedicated to education on the mechanics of voting, has not changed. The science of government, not politics, has been their aim, although individuals and issues have been scrutinized with care insofar as they relate to local and state affairs. Every candidate for local office has been invited to appear before the Organized Women Voters.

Many members have held important offices in the County. The first of them was Pauline Smith (later Pauline Duncan). A distressing situation had arisen in the case of a young girl who had to undergo a physical examination before a board consisting entirely of men. The Women Voters took up the matter with Sheriff Howard B. Fields and asked that a woman be appointed assistant sheriff and given authority to handle such cases. Sheriff Fields, somewhat amused, assented, but undoubtedly believed the matter would end there. He didn't know his Arlington women! Pauline Smith received the appointment and served 20 continuous years.

To this group belongs much credit for the setup of the present water and sewer systems. It also brought about the change in county government from the one-time federal county, which, with Alexandria as the county seat, was divided into three magisterial districts, Washington, Jefferson, and Arlington districts. They not only helped write the enabling act to separate the three into individual entities but worked ardently to put the measure over. They have always had a legislative program, said Mrs. Simpson, well worked out to present to local representatives in the Virginia legislature.

Sometimes in their eagerness to work out a solution to some upsetting problem, the members stirred up a veritable hornet's nest as much to their own astonishment as to that of others. In the day of the three magisterial districts, great rivalry sprang up when the new public system was developed. Property owners had to be signers of petitions for water brought to their sections. Naturally, those areas most thickly settled felt they should be served first.

When it was discovered that a newly developed section was being provided with water, with neither streets nor hydrants in evidence in certain parts of the area and scarcely a house in sight, while densely populated sections were being passed over, the Organized Women Voters got very busy. Seven members of the group were appointed a committee to see the case through. They found that the Arlington member of the Board of Supervisors was the developer of the new section as well as the principal stockholder. "Well," they said, "let the chips fall where they may!"

The Women Voters raised money to take the case to court. Instead of a brief procedure, however, the trial lasted for days and the decision was deferred. Before the end, months later, the husbands of five of the committee of seven, who were federal employees, were threatened with loss of their jobs. This gesture failed, however, and the women won their point eventually. In retaliation, the members of the Board of Supervisors, filed suit against each of the seven women for \$60,000! That, too, proved but a gesture and came to naught.

The Women Voters also are largely responsible for the present County Manager system of local government and Arlington is the first County to install a manager. This followed the discovery of a huge shortage of county funds in the office of the treasurer of that period and he with the county clerk were imprisoned. The treasurer had held office 27 years!

This group remains one of the foremost civic-minded organizations in Arlington. It continues to invite local and sometimes state candidates to appear and present their qualifications for offices they seek. "And," declared Mrs. Simpson, "every woman who has so far held a public office in Arlington, has been a member of our organization. Purely local, it has no state affiliations at all."

Few groups have added so much color as well as force to County affairs.

THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS OF ARLINGTON

Here seems to be a good spot to clarify any confusion existing in the minds of many, respecting the Organized Women Voters of Arlington and the League of Women Voters of Arling-

ton. The first named group was assembled almost a quarter of a century ago. The latter group is much younger and recently there has occurred a renascence.

The League of Women Voters of Arlington and Alexandria, a non-partisan organization, the purpose of which is to encourage citizen participation in government, is, concerned with issues, not candidates. The local League is a member of the League of Women Voters of the United States of America. A county group lead by Mrs. Theodore Larson worked with the District of Columbia League during one winter. In January of that year (1944) Mrs. Harold A. Stone with six other women founded an Arlington County League, which Mrs. Larson's group joined the following fall. By May 1946, the League had spread to Alexandria. The membership of 266, is currently organized in eleven neighborhood groups, each with its chairman, with a central program-planning board, with Mrs. Charles E. Planck, president for 1946-47.

At the National level, the League has worked to develop understanding of the original plans for the United Nations Organization made at Dumbarton Oaks by discussion groups throughout the County in the spring of 1945. It has worked to support the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, the Office of Price Administration, the United Nations Organization itself, by means of posters, street polls, distribution of materials to high school classes, window displays, discussion groups, movies, forums and monthly radio programs over WPIK.

On the local level, the purposes have been to strengthen the public school system and get out the vote. A survey of parent's opinion on the school system has been made and the results sent to the school boards. In Arlington, the Trustee Electoral Board has been urged to interview candidates for the school board and to judge them by standards set up by the League. The interviews were held for the first time this spring and these standards have been supported by civic groups throughout the County. The League has taken a stand on non-partisan balloting in the proposed City Charter for Arlington and has issued 18,000 "Get Out the Vote" leaflets, persuading the people to pay their poll taxes and vote in Arlington; 6,000 more voters paid their poll

taxes than had ever done so before and the League is given credit for the increase to considerable degree.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB OF ARLINGTON

In October 1931, twenty-one women in that portion of Arlington known as "Arlington," a group interested in the welfare of their country, state and nation, met with Mrs. C. E. Miles to discuss plans for organization of a woman's club. At a following meeting, the constitution was adopted and the name, "Arlington" accepted. In March, 1932, the club joined the State Federation and later that year affiliated with the General Federation.

Almost immediately, plans were formed for erection of a club building that would provide a community center, the first step in this ambitious goal being the purchase of a \$100 Bond. With this as the nucleus, a building fund has grown during the years and made possible the purchase of an acre of ground on which stands a six-room house free from debt. March 4, 1946 witnessed a joyous mortgage burning and the club building will be built in the near future.

Years before the County assumed the responsibility, the club put on community clean-up campaigns, aided by Boy and Girl Scouts. For three years, financial aid was given to a deserving High School girl, providing clothing and all needed school funds.

Appreciative of the value of State and District Federation meetings, a luncheon, honoring State and District presidents, was given. Other Federated Women's clubs were invited to attend, thus inaugurating the popular County Club Institute each year.

Through Club Department Programs: Agriculture and Garden, American Citizenship, American Home, Education, International Relations, Fine Arts, Legislation, Social Service and Public Welfare, the talented membership participates. This fact, coupled with being able to secure other speakers of special skill and wide reputation in their various fields, has done much to give power and popularity to the organization.

For two years, Mrs. J. B. Lowell, a past president, served efficiently and successfully as State Chairman of the American Home Department.



Rixey Mansion, showplace built by Admiral Rixey, who was the personal physician of Theodore Roosevelt. It is now used for a meeting place for clubs, dinners, luncheons and other social gatherings. Typically Southern in style, it adjoins the Washington Golf and Country Club, another beauty spot in the Virginia Hills.

Photo by Stewart K. Brown

During the years of World War II, normal club activities were modified and a war program substituted. Members worked tirelessly for the Red Cross, the Arlington Recreation Center for Service Men and Women, Bond Drive Campaigns and other war activities.

Through the years, financial aid to such worthy organizations such as: Red Cross, Cancer Foundation, Tuberculosis Society, Student Loan Fund, Penny Art Fund, Washington Symphony Orchestra, Arlington Symphony Orchestra, Arlington War Memorial, has been extended. For the past four years, through the Meiling Club, a part of the International Relations Department, financial support of forty Chinese children was assumed.

In the past, women of unusual ability and vision, have been prime movers in bringing together the feminine forces of this section of the county to think and work for things that benefit our community and if we may judge the future by the past, the club can look forward with happy anticipation to fuller usefulness in the years to come.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB OF ASHTON HEIGHTS

Ashton Heights Women's Club has an interesting history. The average club raises most of the building funds before building. This club built the club house on wishful thinking and made it so vital a part of the community that funds were raised while they were "at home" in the house itself.

From the day that a small group of women formed the Women's Club of Ashton Heights at the home of its first president, Mrs. Belle Milrick, plans began for a sorely needed club house. That was July 30, 1924. December 9, 1924, the first meeting was held in the new club house on Clarendon Avenue, now North Irving Street near Pershing Drive. Immediately it paid dividends while the club lived up to its motto, "Courage, Sincerity and Loyalty." Funds were raised through rentals to church groups, private parties, organization meetings, dancing schools, bazaars, cooking schools, card parties, dances, dinners and luncheons—any scheme to turn an honest penny. Their Saturday night "covered dish" suppers became profitable and popular. The club has never charged for special meetings of

county-wide interest such as the Citizens' Association, the Arlington Hospital Association, Girls' Scouts and Brownie Troops.

Tennis courts built on land next door have been rented for nominal fees.

After the Ashton Heights Club joined the State and General Federations, members soon became active in these groups. Mrs. Eleanor Gary and Mrs. Evelyn England have served as officers in the Fourth District of the State Federation and Mrs. Bertha Kelley served as chairman of health department of the State Federation.

Mrs. Kelley, now deceased, was the motivating power behind the Arlington Hospital movement. Women of Arlington began and saw to completion, the establishment of the million dollar hospital. Also, under direction of Mrs. Kelley, who was production chairman of the County Red Cross, the club voted 14 years ago to meet regularly to repair and recondition clothing donated to the Red Cross. After Mrs. Kelley's death, Mrs. Helen Bradwell took over the chairmanship. All through World War II, the Ashton Women's Club has been most active in every branch of Red Cross work and has contributed generously in both time and energy to every War drive besides buying War Bonds and Stamps in abundance.

POTOMAC BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S CLUB

The name Potomac was chosen by this group because the well-loved river flows nearby. The club wished to serve business and professional women in any community bordering the Potomac. Organized in December, 1941, the club received its charter as a member of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs in February, 1942.

Miss Earlene White, Past President of the National Federation, has been an honorary member of the Potomac Club since its inception and presented the charter when it arrived. Distinctly a service club, practically the entire membership took the Red Cross First Aid Course, one of the members giving the instruction.

In 1943, the club took over Arlington Farms as its com-

munity project. Magazines were taken to the Farms each week and placed in reading rooms of the residence halls and in 1943, a large quantity of books were presented to the Farms, thus beginning the fine Arlington Farms Library. A presentation tea was given in the Recreation Hall and in April, 1946, the club sponsored a second drive for books for the Arlington Farms Library. The collection, numbering many hundreds, was presented on June 5, 1946.

Through the years 1943-44-45, Potomac Club has carried the "Mile O' Dimes Drive" for Infantile Paralysis to Arlington Farms. In that same period, letters written to all State Federations of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs, extended an invitation to any of their members, residing in Arlington, to associate with Potomac Club. Many responses were received. All worth while drives have been participated in by the club and generous contributions made on several occasions to the project, "In Relief of China's Children."

ARLINGTON BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S CLUB

This is another of Arlington County's fine women's organizations. It had its beginning as the Business Women's Weekly Luncheon Club, then in a few weeks, affiliated with the National Business and Professional Woman's Club under sponsorship of the Alexandria club.

This was in 1930. This, too, is a service club, whose outstanding achievements are assisting girls, financially, to obtain a higher education, which is one of the main purposes of the National Federation.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY WOMEN

Mrs. Ervin Broeker, long an active member in Michigan, of the American Association of University Women, invited all eligible women in Arlington to tea at her home in Fairlington. From that group, twenty women became charter members. Later, a group formed in North Arlington was absorbed, and meetings were held alternately in the two localities.

Six active study groups follow such important subjects as Consumer Legislation; Cooperative Housing; Arlington County, Its Resources and Its Needs. The Music Group has studied composers of classical music and organized its own ensemble. The International Relations groups have taken up the study of Russia, the furthering of and understanding of the Soviet Republic and its people.

Since 1943, the club has enrolled 77 members. The program of the group is comprehensive and informative, following closely that of the National Association.

ARLINGTON CHAPTER OF THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

The Arlington Chapter, No 149, was organized in February, 1915, with fourteen charter members. There are now 28 members. Mrs. William P. Blue is president; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Fred, vice-president; Mrs. Lulu B. Taylor, secretary; Mrs. Helen E. Lewis, treasurer; Mrs. Elizabeth F. Downing, historian and chaplain.

The objects of the Federation are historical, educational, memorial, benevolent and social. It aims to collect and preserve material for a truthful history of the War between the States; to protect historic places of the Confederacy; to record the part taken by Southern women and their untiring efforts during the war and in the reconstruction period in the South; their patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle; to endeavor to have used in all Southern schools only such histories as are accurate and impartial.

Other splendid women's organizations, whose history could not be procured in time to be included in this brief account of Arlington, are: The American Pen Women's Association; Thomas Nelson Page Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution; Venture Club; the Women's Christian Temperance Union; Waycroft Club; Frances Wallis Daughters of the Revolution; the American Legion Auxilliary, Post 139; the Auxilliary of the "Billy Mitchell" Post, American Legion; John Lyon Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars Auxilliary; Creative Arts Club; Balls-

ton Daughters of America; Cherrydale Women's Club; Clarendon Women's Club; Etude Piano Club; Lyon Village Women's Club; Lyon Park Women's Club; Arlington Chapter Women of the Moose; Neighbor's Club; Order of Eastern Star, Chapter 39; P. E. O.; Soroptimist Club; Amacitia Club; all working to better the community in which they live.

XIV

CIVIC ASSOCIATIONS

VIRGINIA PROTECTIVE FORCE

ON December 17, 1941, ten days after the catastrophic incident of Pearl Harbor, a group of Arlington men organized a company of infantry of the Virginia Militia. This company was mustered into the state service on February 10, 1942, as Company 113, Virginia Protective Force (State Guard), with Charles Harrison Mann as Captain and James Hurlburt as the First Lieutenant, with 52 enlisted men.

The company immediately began training for duty. Other units of the Force were already on duty, guarding bridges and other vital installations. In the spring of 1944, the name of the Virginia Protective Force was changed to the Virginia State Guard and the Federal Government issued full equipment and uniforms, machine guns and motorized equipment. In August 1944, Captain Mann was commissioned in the U. S. Marine Corps and Harvey A. Williams, the First Lieutenant, became Captain with H. B. LeRoy, First Lieutenant and William A. Lindsey, Second Lieutenant.

The Arlington Guard Company received commendations from the Commanding General, 3rd Service Command, U. S. Army, for excellence of training and administration in 1943 and 1945 and was rated excellent each year at regular Federal inspections.

It did "stand-by" duty during the war, aided the State in its liquor ration control, and prevented a crippling power strike early in 1946.

More than 150 officers and men "graduated" into the Federal

armed forces, serving in all theaters of operations overseas with but one man killed in action.

THE ARLINGTON SYMPHONY

Cultural side of Arlington is not neglected. Miss Florence Booker, director of musical activities in the High School has done a marvellous job with the younger folk in the county, and to meet the growing need for more musical activity and opportunities, an amateur symphony orchestra has been formed through the persistent efforts of several individuals. Fifty or more players now belong since November 1945 and competent musicians both young and old are constantly joining the group.

Superintendent Fletcher Kemp of the schools, through his understanding and sympathetic help, has brought the organization to the attention of the School Board, which is sponsoring it. A musical program of broad civic nature was thought to be most important from the standpoint of culture and as a distinctive means of excellent publicity to the County.

Under direction of Van Lier Lanning, this non-profit, strictly amateur group has presented several concerts, which have won high praise from all who have heard it play.

THE ARLINGTON TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION

The Arlington County Tuberculosis Association set out several years ago with one idea in mind—to lick that sneaking old devil, Tuberculosis, to a finish. This organization of combined lay workers and physicians know that many persons who contract this plague die of neglect, caused by ignorance of modern methods of diagnosis and scientific treatment and the neglect of the community to provide effective means to prevent its spread.

Tuberculosis can be whipped, insists the Association, but the job is one of finding the "spreaders" and isolating them until the danger of spreading is over.

Under direction of Mrs. Jane Moody and an efficient corps of workers, most of whom volunteer their help, the Association cooperates with Dr. Ralph Beachley and the health department in providing daily X-raying clinics here and there over the county

and by making free X-rays available to food-handlers, barbers, beauticians and other groups who have daily contact with the public. A tuberculin testing and X-raying program is held annually in the schools with the main objective of educating children and to find unknown cases of this dread disease.

Arlington's million-dollar hospital has no facilities to care for tuberculosis patients and Virginia has a 2,000 bed shortage in her sanatoriums. Arlington Association wages a continuous battle in the legislative halls of both county and state to promote every means for early diagnosis, treatment and rehabilitation of sufferers from this costly, deadly and unnecessary disease.

ARLINGTON CHAPTER OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

The course of action of the Red Cross in Arlington is much the same as it functions in other parts of the country, except that the members put a zip into it like a split atom on the loose. Since Pearl Harbor, the things it has accomplished are almost unbelievable and they have statistics to prove them.

To look upon the statistics the Red Cross has piled up in Arlington gives a spiritual uplift and a mental headache. They literally and figuratively girdle the globe—a two-way stretch! They began in 1917 when America declared war on Germany. When certain public-minded citizens decided to organize a Red Cross Chapter, the idea of coaxing 200 folks to sign in order to procure a charter was appalling, but in less than six weeks, 497 persons were on the dotted line. Frank Lyon was made chairman and Mrs. Richard N. Sutton, vice-chairman.

Nothing human hands can do or human ingenuity promote has been left undone—and on a magnificent scale. Mrs. Nathan Levy, public relations chairman, in a breezy Red Cross "News and Views" of May, 1944, wrote: "It is a great tribute to those early volunteers who laid the foundation for our later services by creating a Chapter in Arlington, with no previous experience, armed only with desire to serve. Today, a national organization sets up the rules for every act, in the last detail for every program; to establish plans of service based on long experience. It was a different story 27 years ago—pioneering with no precedent. Of

course we were at war only 19 months, but this does not diminish the glory of the trail they blazed."

ARLINGTON COUNCIL OF CHURCH WOMEN

Not only does Arlington County take pride in its strong Ministerial Association, but in the Arlington Council of Church Women. This is open to women of Christian churches, cooperating individually and through the distaff side of the churches. Organizations affiliated with the Council contribute to its work which includes the printing of a complete church directory annually, listing all faiths; cooperation with various activities such as collecting funds and food for overseas relief. It is a young organization, having been organized in 1944, with 40 Protestant church groups contributing both time and effort.

The Council sponsors World Prayer Days and works in co-operation with a National Council of Church Women in similar undertakings.

ARLINGTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

July 24, 1944, brought to a head a definite movement to establish a Young Men's Christian Association in the County, community interest in youth heretofore being sponsored mostly through isolated church and school groups. Through the welfare committee of the Arlington Civic Federation, headed by Mrs. Florence Arnheim, the Y. M. C. A. finally got under way as a branch of the Washington Metropolitan Y. M. C. A.

Mr. L. T. Goodman was loaned from the Metropolitan Y. M. C. A. to serve as Executive Secretary and at a mass meeting held in September of 1944, officers and the first management committee was elected.

A home for the organization was acquired at Kirkwood Road and 13th Street, in the old Olmstead home—one of Arlington's older mansions. This house is well adapted for classes in crafts, for general club rooms, meeting rooms, library and offices. An interesting feature of the mansion is the well-preserved and finely detailed tiling which forms the hearth of the fireplace in the office, the tile having been salvaged from the original President-

ial Palace after it was destroyed by British soldiers in 1814.

The spring after its inauguration, the Y. M. C. A. was given a woodland site in nearby Fairfax County by Mr. Lawrence Michael. During the following summer months, one might see ministers, interested citizens and the boys, themselves, working on this site to erect a shelter and clear an excellent camping spot which is used for outings so popular with active young people.

Both boys and girls may become affiliated with the "Y," and churches are doing their bit in making the Y. M. C. A. a success.

THE ARLINGTON CIVIC FEDERATION

A detailed account of the Arlington Civic Federation would require the making of a volume all its own. Various citizen groups began forming a quarter of a century ago, finally amalgamating into a powerful, influential body known as the Arlington Civic Federation. At present 32 separate groups, spread over the County, not only to promote special interests of each section but to participate in all things pertaining to the county welfare.

Each member group sends four delegates to the monthly sessions of the federation, many of Arlington's most brilliant minds applying themselves to working out problems that vex its citizens. They are thorough and persevering and as one man expressed it: "They know their way around, politically." Many of Arlington's sorely needed betterments would perish in infancy, were it not for this active, civic-minded federation which apparently never admits that it is beaten.

George W. Watt, president, is serving his second term, having succeeded Charles S. Cobbins, one of the federation's most alert members. Men and women, high in governmental affairs as well as Navy and Army circles, take active roles in federation affairs.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

No one remembers when Arlington County did not have a Chamber of Commerce. While the membership is large, the work is done by committees, full membership meetings being held once or twice a year. E. H. Baldwin, president, and the

directors, admit they have an excellent and popular executive secretary in Paul A. Hill. Mr. Hill can be seen at the county-wide meetings of every worth while organization on the observation line, if not taking an active part.

The most progressive piece of business accomplished by the Chamber in years past was the campaign waged for county zoning. The sum of five thousand dollars was raised by members to begin this important work and the County Board of Supervisors authorized the rest.

In its youthful days, the Chamber had its ups and downs, according to Dr. E. L. Kirkpatrick. "Believe me," he declared, "I helped start the Chamber and took many a bawling out from merchants and business men who saw nothing good to be accomplished and frankly did not want to be bothered!"

Time proved its worth and at present, the Chamber of Commerce interests itself in practically every important movement in Arlington. Its post war plans tie in with those of the District in major points.

ARLINGTON BOARD OF TRADE

The need for another public-spirited organization in Arlington grew acute as the World War swung into greater velocity—a group that would undertake projects in a somewhat different field than other groups. The county was growing so fast that it could scarcely keep up with itself. Hence the Arlington Board of Trade got under way in the summer of 1943.

Under the determined leadership of Charles A. Toone, its first and third president, the Board soon got into its stride and has done many vitally important things for the betterment of business and industry. Mr. Toone, who is also president of the Cherrydale Cement Block Company, has been ably assisted by a progressive board of directors, including, Oren R. Lewis, attorney; Thomas J. Broyhill, realtor and builder; J. Maynard Magruder, a member of the Virginia Legislature and a business associate of Mr. Broyhill; Sidney Johnston, head of Arlington's largest trucking firm; Mrs. Mable Davis, of the Arlington Trust Company; Mrs. Anne K. Miles, proprietor of two large beauty parlors; Joseph Sutphin, proprietor of The Monticello Cleaners;

John Neeb, proprietor of Neeb's Plumbing Company, and William C. Ayers, associated with the Chesapeake and Ohio R. R. in Washington—a truly representative group of citizens.

Outstanding projects sponsored by the Board of Trade are the fight against Sales Taxes, which are inimical to interests of local merchants because of close proximity to Washington; a survey of employment and industry as an aid to war veterans; a reciprocal tax between Washington, Arlington, Alexandria, Bethesda, Silver Spring and other counties in the Metropolitan area; a Truckers' reciprocal tax between Virginia and neighboring states; active participation in lifting certain OPA regulations that were throttling the building industries, especially manufacture of vital materials needed to construct homes for veterans; a thorough study of the prospective incorporation of Arlington County into a city; the study of bond issue of several millions contemplated by county officials; the thorough investigation of zoning, parking and setback lines for business establishments. The findings of the latter committee of the Board, which were most comprehensive, are at present being studied by proper officials of the county. This is unquestionably the most important measure now facing Arlington, which is expanding too rapidly for comfort. It remedied now, future confusion in the present system will be avoided and the Board of Trade has received sincere commendation from all sides for its splendid efforts along this line.

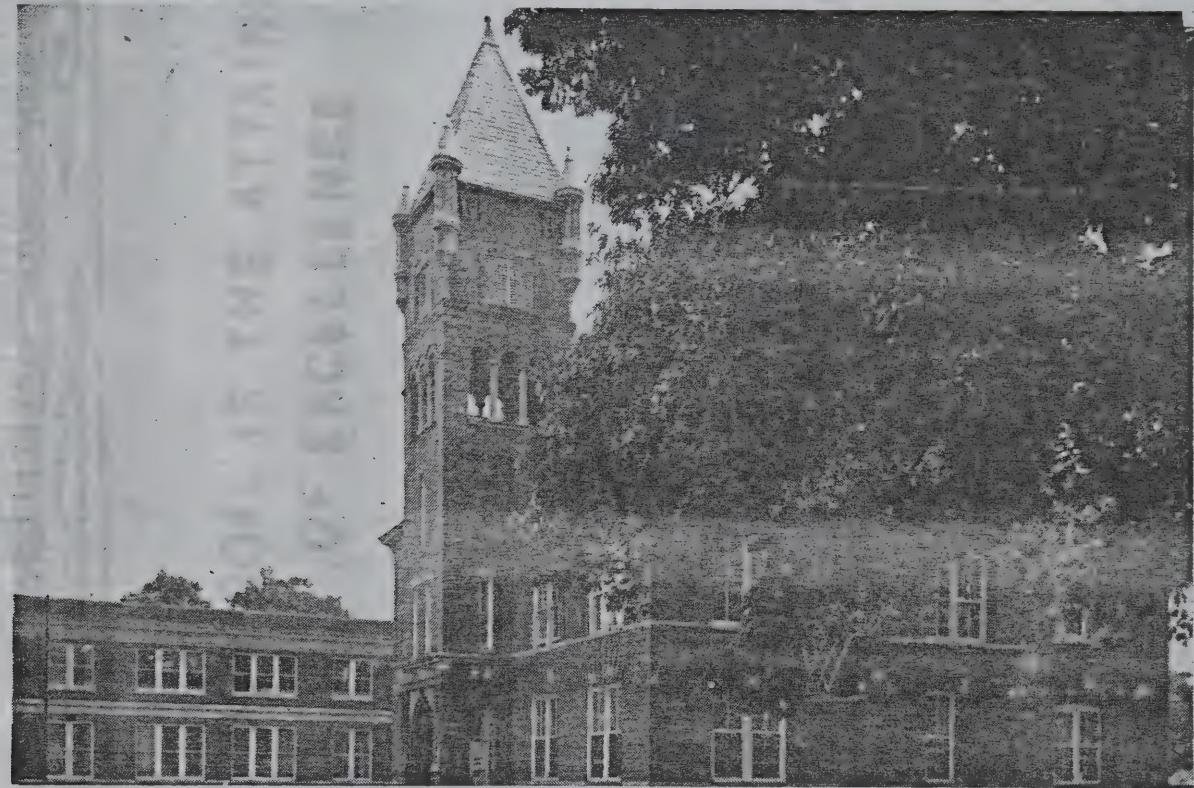
TRADE WINDS, the monthly publication of the Board of Trade, keeps the public as well as the members of the Board advised on its numerous and unselfish activities in behalf of Arlingtonians.

AROUND THE COURT HOUSE

WHEN the County decided that the County Manager plan of government might best suit its needs, naturally those in authority cast about for the man they felt could best fill the requirements of so important an office. This was the first time in American history that a County Manager had ever been chosen to direct the destiny of a place like Arlington. City Managers, yes, but a manager to head a county—there was no precedent to go by, so Arlington established her own.

Frank L. Hanrahan, one-time city manager of Portsmouth, Va., had more than a little experience with both federal and state agencies, particularly as Director of Public Works in Richmond over a considerable period. Irish, a good mixer, plenty of business acumen, a Mason, a Methodist, young enough to have plenty of enthusiasm and old enough to possess judgment, Mr. Hanrahan second executive to hold the post was selected and has held it by appointment of the County Board ever since. Twice, he has been elected president of the International Association of City Managers, the last time in 1943. More than once he has met a crisis half way and won out. Two years ago, when a flash flood endangered the lives of hundreds of people living in the lowlands of Arlington and Alexandria, Mr. Hanrahan went with his own squad of police, called on the soldiers from Army camps at Belvoir to help, and personally directed the work until daylight came and flood waters began to recede.

Arlington is further governed by a Board of Supervisors, consisting of four men and one woman, all of whom have been in office from five to eight years. At present they are Edmund Campbell, attorney; Basil DeLashmutt, construction engineer; F. Freeland Chew, court stenographer in Washington; Leo L.



County Court House, built when the county was called Alexandria County before the town of that name withdrew to itself. The ell at right was built recently. It sits in a cool and shady park.

Photo by Stewart K. Brown

Lloyd, Insurance; and Mrs. Elizabeth Magruder, housewife. The administration of county affairs is done by a large and competent staff of officials.

ARLINGTON'S "FINEST"

Harry L. Woodyard, Chief of Police, is the first to hold this office in Arlington. Before 1940, when Chief Woodyard took over, guardians of the law worked out of the Sheriff's office, then under Sheriff Howard J. Field, who held the post many years. He was succeeded by Homer Bauserman, the present incumbent, two years ago.

Only 28 men were on the force in the beginning. As the population increased, naturally crimes and misdemeanors mounted and the number of officers increased, until now 54 men serve the county. Many have seen more than 20 years of maintaining order in Arlington. During the war, the younger men were constantly being pulled from the force to serve in the armed forces, but despite this, the police have functioned exceedingly well.

Crimes have been far less vicious and much fewer in number than in the old days when that fringe of the county along the river, reaching for miles and including Rosslyn, was known as "No-man's Land." Neither the District of Columbia nor Virginia wanted, nor claimed jurisdiction over "Hell's Bottom," another of its choice nicknames, and rape, gambling, carousing and murders were so numerous, they excited little more than passing comment.

How Crandall Mackaye went in and cleaned up the district is still one of the epics of that era in Arlington annals. Mr. Mackaye is vigorous and mentally alert and seldom hesitates to express himself through the pages of *THE CRONICLE*, a weekly paper which hundreds of older residents swear by. At 82 he practices law in Washington.

The youngsters in the county have been an especial charge of Arlington police, from teen-agers down to the little chaps.

"School children cooperate splendidly with the police," declared Chief Woodyard. "Each school has its patrol, more than 300 boys aiding the police in handling the children. An officer is

assigned to go to the schools and talk, not only to the lads who patrol, but to all the children, explaining the do's and don't's of traffic. This keeps the children safety-minded. Not a single child has been hurt, going to or from school, since I have been in office!"

Just outside of Chief Woodyard's office in the Court House, hanging on the walls of the corridor, are four handsome plaques, revealing to all who pass by that the National Safety Council has awarded, in three instances, and the American Automobile Association in the fourth, the foremost place to Arlington among cities of its size for safety. It has become almost a matter of routine for the Arlington Police Department to walk off with citations from the National Safety Council.

"The KEY to public safety," says Chief Woodyard, "is enforcement of the law. If you don't enforce the law, you don't get results!"

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

In procuring data for these particular features of local government, an inquiring reporter simply is forced to wear down the barriers of overweening modesty, the fire lads show. When persistence won out, in this instance, only bare statistics could be had! Having sat in an office within a stone's throw of an Arlington down-town fire department, and seen busy men throw down whatever they were handling at the moment, grab a hat and dash for the fire station, I have a bit of first-hand knowledge of what they do.

Arlington firemen consist of both regulars and volunteers. George Washington is said to have organized the earliest fire fighter's group. That was some time ago. In Arlington, no organized fire department existed until 1902. Before that it was the old bucket-brigade and lend-a-hand! Cherrydale, Clarendon and Ballston are still warring over which of the three was first. But about the same time, each section organized, bought some two-wheel carts with handpumps and kept the demon "Fire," well in hand. In 1912, Ford fire engines were purchased. Later an ambulance was bought. That was in "31." Last year an aerial truck was added.

Eight fire houses now keep fires under control, from grass fires which flourish in the fall, to the house that catches fire from the cigarette that drops from sleepy folks' fingers! In the beginning but three salaried men were employed at a fire house —now six men are paid at each house.

Nine years ago, April 1, A. C. Scheffel, Arlington's first paid fire chief took office.

Firemen and the policeman on the beat are still Young America's idols. For instance, when young Frank Palmer, who for years had acted as truant officer for Clarendon, was called into service I was writing a story about him, his college career, and his work with the boys, when a youngster waiting to see the circulation manager about his route, stood at my shoulder, peering at the yarn on the typewriter.

"Gosh!" he whispered. "I know HIM—he's a great guy, he is!"

He IS, too!

One of the most difficult things that prove confusing to newcomers in Arlington, when they have occasion to call at the Court House, is to separate the Greens. Harry S. Green, Commissioner of Revenue for almost thirty years, has an office in the wing of the building, directly across from the office of John Locke Green, Treasurer. Harry S. Green has a son Bruce Green, who also holds office, an appointive one, close at hand.

John Locke Green is the one Republican official who wins at the polls with a majority equal to that of any Democratic candidate on the ticket. A just and kindly man, his personal popularity never sags at election time. He is no relation to the other two.

Names of many of Arlington's finest and oldest families can be noted on the windows of the low colonial-type office buildings on Court House Square, that one spot where the atmosphere of Old Arlington endures.

XVI

SAEGMUELLER SAGA

MAY be the years creeping up—but have you noticed, too, how little time it takes for people to forget certain things? As we dig into the past, we learn how little we know of commonplace things about us—just take them for granted. Were you surprised that our Court House is labelled “The Alexandria Court House”? I was—being a comparative newcomer. And the name, George N. Saegmueller—high on the wall, as you enter! Who remembers when that name was of prime importance in the county?

George Saegmueller did more to aid and improve this struggling community in days gone by than any one citizen. He wrote it all in a book—just for his grandchildren to read.

Born in Germany, he went to England after completing his technical education and serving his term in the military. In England he was identified with Thomas Cook and Sons, a famous firm, and was sent by them to the Paris Exposition. After five years in England he was recalled to Germany. Then Thomas Cook died and the firm dissolved. Much discouraged, young Saegmueller decided to come to America with some friends. Scarcely had he landed when news came that the Franco-Prussian War was on. He had no money to buy passage back home and because of the fact that he was listed as an immigrant, could not get a passport as a soldier. Gloomily, he left his hotel room, one day, to sit in the lobby and mull over his problem. There he met a man named Wurdeman. In a friendly chat, he told his story. Wurdeman urged him to join his firm in Washington.

While with the Wurdeman firm, Saegmueller sent for his sister to keep house for him. Immediately one of his fellow employees fell in love with her and married her.

Young Saegmueller entered the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Here, his expert scientific attainments placed him in charge of all the delicate instruments used. When Wurde man finally returned to Germany he offered to sell his business to Saegmueller and his brother-in-law. The price was too high. Meanwhile, Mr. Saegmueller had married into the Lockwood family in Arlington. A brother-in-law, Henry Lockwood, an employee of the Treasury Department, became interested and the three young men, Saegmueller and his two brothers-in-law, established themselves as the Fauth Company. Saegmueller invented and designed, Fauth whose father supplied most of the funds, did the work and Lockwood kept books. Outstanding inventions and vitally important scientific items put out by this firm are on record in the Government archives. Some of Saegmueller's finest, most delicate inventions are still in use in Georgetown and Catholic Universities and the Naval Observatory. During the early "90's" he met a young navy lieutenant, by name of Sampson, who later became the noted Admiral Sampson. The two invented a modern telescopic sight for the Navy, which is now used by land artillery as well. Saegmueller invented the well-known "bore-sight" and range-finder, purchased by the United States during the first World War.

The Saegmuellers moved to Rochester, for a number of years, while he worked with a firm in the city. But they never gave up their home in Arlington. On this splendid estate of several hundred acres is the twenty-room home with its eleven bath rooms and a collection of rare furniture and antiques. A son, Fred Saegmueller and Mrs. Saegmueller, live there.

Saegmueller came back to Arlington for permanent residence in the "90's" and was elected to the Board of Commissioners of what was then "Alexandria County" consisting of the Washington, Jefferson and Arlington Districts. During his tenure of office, he supervised the building of the Court House and the jail, both of which have been enlarged from time to time. The jail cannot be seen in the accompanying photograph, which is just as well, as the county has quadrupled in population since it was built and it is totally, inadequate, and unsightly.

The financial setup of the county was bad, indeed, when Mr. Saegmueller took over. Those who worked for the county had to

wait months for their pay, unless they took their warrants to a bank and took a discount, the banks sometimes charging as much as 20 per cent in discounts. Mr. Saegmueller discussed the matter with the National Bank, borrowed money to discharge the debts of the county on his personal credit and put Arlington on its financial feet. He was paid back but neither asked nor received one penny of interest!

He built a school house near his home, receiving no interest on money loaned. Later the Saegmueller school, a frame building was torn down and a brick school erected on the site. "It sort of hurt," declared Mr. Fred Saegmueller, the son, "when they changed the name from Saegmueller School to The Madison School. But those things happen!"

Fort Ethan Allen, one of the biggest army cantonments which ringed the Capital during the Civil War, sat atop Chain Bridge Hill near the Saegmueller Estate. "Why this was destroyed I cannot imagine," said Mr. Saegmueller. Parts of it may still be seen. In order to reach Washington at that time, my father built a macadam road at his own expense, called Little Falls Road. This is now a mere cow-path. As they had to go to Washington every day, he and Henry Lockwood also built, at their own expense, a bridge over the river. Other roads were constructed in the vicinity by the two men, some of which were paid for by the county, some not."

The Saegmueller saga is typical of that of other fine immigrants coming to this land of opportunity in the past century. A brilliant man, who made his fortune by his initiative and his attainments, a hard worker, and one who gave of his money, time and energy, freely, to aid a young and struggling community, rather than exploit his neighbors and his friends.

XVII

THE FRASERS

RARE, indeed, are those persons who can give us more than vague hearsay of actual happenings in Arlington during the great War between the States. That regime is gone forever, just as Colonial days are gone and as this era is fast vanishing into the limbo of forgotten things.

Two or more years ago, I enjoyed a telephone chat with Miss Mary Fraser of Green Valley Manor. I was intrigued by a beautifully modulated, cultured voice as we talked. Later, becoming more or less familiar with the Southern background of Miss Fraser and her mother, Mrs. Frances Lee Sickles, I accepted an invitation of long standing, to call on them.

Mrs. Sickles is the granddaughter of Anthony Renzel Fraser, one of Virginia's outstanding landowners previous to and during the Civil War. He was a man of parts in the county and his family knew well and intimately the Lees, the Alexanders, the Custises, the Masons—in fact all of the families whose names are so indelibly inscribed upon the scrolls of Virginia tradition and history.

The day I called was one of summer's loveliest—warm, breezy, bright. As I left the highway to pick my way along a wandering, little dirt road to the "slave quarters" where Miss Mary said they were living, frankly I didn't know just what to expect. I knew, however, it would be out of the ordinary!

The beautiful Green Valley Manor House, long a show-place, had been burned to the ground shortly after the first World War. Mrs. Sickles and her daughter were in Paris at the time.

"Almost everything I prized was in the house," declared Mrs. Sickles, "rare antiques belonging to the family and articles I had collected myself in my travels. It was almost fifteen years

before I could even visit the spot where it had stood although I returned to Virginia several times afterward. My daughter and I had a home in England, also, and we remained there for years."

"Was nothing salvaged from the fire?" I asked.

"Only a few bits of furniture, a few pictures and a mirror or two. I am very sorry, now, that I did not return immediately and rebuild, but at that time I was completely crushed. When we did decide to come home, we fixed up the old slave quarters to live in."

No slave quarters have ever looked like those at Green Valley Manor. As I neared the house, the low, soft, yellow brick house, with its gay green trim, was almost festive. Only the lines of the house betrayed its years. Inside, the same soft yellow walls in the spacious living room, the windows with their Venetian blinds proved a restful yet bright setting for the bits of mahogany, the handsome mirrors (very rare mirrors with a history), the grand piano and the easy, chintz-covered far-too-comfortable chairs for a casual visitor. The only thing reminiscent of slave days was the enormous brick fireplace, built for hanging cranes and Dutch ovens, at one end of the room.

Two dogs greeted me as though I belonged, which was comfortable, too—no nipping at nylons or distrustful looks from soft, brown eyes.

Mrs. Sickles was in her room. "I hope Mother feels well enough," said the lovely daughter of the house, "to tell you some of the stories she knows so well."

Nor was I quite prepared to meet the Mrs. Sickles that greeted me. Somehow, I had visualized a small, very elderly person, slow of step—sort of a Dresden china person. Instead, the lady breezed into the room in quite the regal manner—I've since learned that the title "Grand Duchess" was given her by friends long ago. Her pale yellow, dotted Swiss house-coat set off the soft white hair and exquisite texture of a complexion a young girl might envy—and a face that undoubtedly brought more than one masculine heart to attention in her youthful days. A photograph, made in the "nineties," which her daughter showed me, fairly sparkled with the same radiant personality that

filled the room when she entered. She had released the passing years with so little effort, small trace of them was left.

In all my years of newspaper work and radio broadcasting I have known and talked with celebrities from over the world—professional beauties, sprigs of royalty, writers, singers, artists, but never have I met more charming gentlewomen than Mrs. Frances Sickles and Miss Mary Fraser.

The time fairly flew. Mrs. Sickles told story after story to my willing ears and it is with regret that I can use so few of them—those relating only to Arlington. These revolved about her grandfather, Anthony Fraser.

"Like General Robert E. Lee, himself," said Mrs. Sickles, "my grandfather, who was a very thoughtful man, was against the secession of Virginia. But when the hour came, Gen. Lee wrote to him. Union officers went about the countryside demanding that everyone declare their sentiments. Rather than swear allegiance to the Union flag, many people fled the country, taking with them what they could."

"'You are too old a man to go elsewhere,' wrote General Lee. 'Remain in your home. Swear allegiance to the Union. I will know where your heart is!'

"When Federal officers came to take the depositions of the residents," said Mrs. Sickles, "it was a bitter pill. But Grandfather was a diplomatic man. My mother and her sisters, who were all young and at home, were more rebellious. My Aunt Camelia was very weepy, but my mother who was very young and very beautiful and quite dramatic, stormed: 'NO! You can imprison me in the Capitol, itself, but I WILL NOT swear.' My younger aunt, Miranda, shrugged her handsome shoulders and replied to the young man who was with the soldiers, quite airily: 'Yes, I will swear to ANY thing.' He looked at her indignantly. The amusing part of it was that later, he became her very devoted beau. He was a young theological student named Potter and in after years became the famous Bishop Potter of New York.

"My sister visited me in New York and we met Bishop Potter and during the conversation told him about the destruction of the little chapel where the neighboring families and ourselves went to church, the white folks on one side and the slaves on the other side of the aisle. The Bishop remembered the chapel well,

and was much concerned. He asked if he might contribute to the rebuilding and did send one of the members of the church \$1,000 for his donation.

"The night before General Lee surrendered, my grandfather could not sleep. He complained that he had heard horses galloping along the old bridle-path, long unused, that ran near the house and across the fields. The family had heard, too, by the way, the heavy firing at the Battle of Bull Run and had gone to the Southern slope of the hills to watch until it became too dangerous.

"It was not long after this group of Union soldiers came to the Manor House and told Grandfather Fraser that he must hang out the Union flag. That if he did not, they would burn the house and all the buildings to the ground. When he answered that he had no flag, they were very ugly. Then he said he would get a flag if they would wait.

"Where?" they demanded.

"I will send my daughters to Washington to the War Department. General Staunton is a friend. He will send me a flag."

The soldiers did not believe him but he finally persuaded them that it could do no harm to wait. The members of the family then dragged out the old family carriage. It was in such bad shape it had to be tied up with pieces of rope in places. So did the harness which had been cut to pieces when the horses had been taken over by the army. Only one horse and an old mule were left. These were hitched to the carriage and it was driven up to the gate.

"The soldiers watched," continued Mrs. Sickles, "as my mother and her sisters came tripping from the house and climbed into the old carriage. One of them did open the door as the young ladies stepped in. Grandfather was left alone and the sisters were terribly worried.

"They reached the War Department at 12 o'clock. General Staunton's office had just closed for the day as some celebration was to be staged that afternoon. Every one was making ready to leave and refused to help. My mother and my aunts were frantic. While they were arguing, a voice from behind them called out: 'What's all this about?'

"It was General Staunton, himself. The girls told him their story.

"The General ordered the clerks to get them a flag. Without delay a huge flag was brought out with great ceremony. It was neatly folded and the girls were escorted to the carriage by the young officers and the flag placed beside them on the seat.

"The girls thanked the soldiers very sweetly for their trouble and departed decorously. What they did to that flag as soon as they were out of sight of the officers was really something. They kicked it under the seat, but when they reached home, it was still folded and lay neatly on the carriage seat. All the way back, the sisters watched anxiously for signs of smoke on the horizon. Would the soldiers wait? When smoother stretches of road appeared, the old team was whipped into a gallop.

"The flag was very large and Grandfather had no flagpole, so it was hung from the top of the front piazza entrance over the steps. One had to pass under it to come in or out. My aunts refused to do this and would go to the railing of the porch and leap from that to the ground below. Their voluminous petticoats would balloon out as they practically parachuted down to earth. Finally they learned that the young officers stationed at the camp not too far off, were in the habit of watching the young ladies through their field glasses so Grandfather called a halt to the parachuting.

"One afternoon Grandfather Fraser went into Washington on some business for the first time after peace was declared. When he reached the foot of the hill, he was stopped by a posse of soldiers.

"'What is the trouble?' he asked.

"'Lincoln has been shot. He died this morning,' was the reply.

"My grandfather stood very still for a moment. Then he ordered: 'Daniel—turn about. We are going home!' All the way back he kept sighing: 'The South has lost her best friend.'

"My grandfather knew Lincoln well and loved him. Lincoln was a Southerner, you know!"

For many years, Mrs. Sickles (her husband was a cousin of



Rosslyn Circle at Moore Street in the old days, when no man, woman nor child dared travel the neighborhood after dark unless accompanied or in a group. That was almost half a century ago. Now one of Arlington's most popular dining places is just across the way. The same bank stands on the corner.

the noted General Daniel Sickles) lived in England on her estate there, with her daughter.

Since their return to the United States, they have been much interested in various developments on their property which is being sub-divided and improved. About a year ago, a large barn built of fine old timbers and which was occupied by the troops of General Braddock during the War of the Revolution was destroyed by fire.

XVIII

LURID INTERVALS

ARLINGTON, boom-town that it is, has enjoyed its lurid intervals, outside of the various war eras. Wars, of course, have always had a terrific impact on the communities surrounding the Capitol, just as they had on Washington, itself.

Between times, the gentry living in the hills only a few miles outside the District were pretty much a law unto themselves. Roads were bad, very bad, with the exception of one or two state or national highways. What is now but a short ride of minutes between points in the county and Washington, was, a few decades ago, a long haul and a hard one.

Native Virginians, dwelling in the hills, unless they had real business in the Capitol, bothered little about it. It was there, had been there for a long time, and probably would continue to be there. When they travelled, it was more than likely that they rode horseback or hitched old Dobbin to the spring-wagon in order to get to church or to the county-seat. One old timer, still living, in Marcey Town, a small family community snuggled high on a hillside near the Washington Golf and Country Club and facing the river, worked for many years at the Government Experimental Farms. He often boasted that he was past fifty and had never set foot inside the Capitol.

"Why not, Uncle George?" asked a friend.

"What fo'?" he countered.

In a moment of weakness, he was prevailed upon to cross the Potomac and visit the sights of the city. It proved too much for even his hardy constitution. He could scarcely wait to get home and was ill for one solid week. That was his first and last trip to the Nation's Capitol.

In mentioning the incident to Albert R. Haring, well-known

builder in the county, Mr. Haring told about Dead Man's Hollow, a deep bowl-shaped gully on the river bank close to Rosslyn. At one time, a gambling house was situated on the edge of the gully. Men from all over the countryside, who wanted to gamble, came in boats, afoot or otherwise. The place was so isolated, and so deeply hidden among the trees that it formed a natural for gangs of tough characters, black and white, to keep under cover and watch what was going on. Drinking was heavy, too, and many a man, who left the gamblers' den, pockets bulging with cash, had no chance. Thugs beset him and he was beaten, robbed, then tossed into the hollow. Many a corpse has been pulled out of the gully. Sometimes, the chap left for dead, recovered sufficiently to crawl to the roadside, where he would be picked up by passers-by. Sometimes not. Only two years ago, said Mr. Haring, a man who was found along the roadside and had recovered from his wounds, died—probably the last of the many who had been thrown into the hollow. He bore the scars of the knives used on him to the day of his death.

In the earlier days, when close-in markets failed to supply Washington with fresh foods and vegetables, farmers in the hills would start to market the night before to make the long haul in order to be on the scene in good time. If a huckster had not disposed of his green corn and other garden truck by seven a. m., he turned around and started home, usually selling what he had left to the "Arab wagons," to peddle about the city. Usually the farmer from a distance—six or eight miles, would pull up in Rosslyn and stop at the "Marshall House" or at Dugan's Stables North Moore Street, for the night, then leave for the city at daylight. On the way back, they frequently stopped. They were thirsty.

A few drinks under the belt and well—it seemed the spirit was still untamed—that risking a few greenbacks on a game or two at the house by the hollow would be the easiest way to get back the dollars left in the saloons. Many a farmer lost his roll before he'd reach the edge of Rosslyn.

One old fellow, Buck (we'll call him Jones) and his brother Jim, were great roysterers in those days. Their wagons empty, pockets and gullets full, they'd go roaring back towards home, singing and swearing and whoopin' 'er up generally. Jim usually

reached home first and when driving grew irksome or too uncertain for Buck, he'd unhitch his "hosses," let his wagon slither down hill until it stopped, then lay down at the side of the road to sleep. When his horses got home, sometimes Jim went back to hunt for him.

On one occasion, Jim had reached home. Buck, strange to say, made the grade, too, several hours later. Something more than three sheets in the wind, Buck and his wagon headed straight for the cabin door. Not stopping to rein in his "hosses," Buck, hosses and wagon, drove straight through, carrying half the house with him.

"Hi, Buck—what the h-l d'ye mean?" yelled Jim, scared half out of his wits.

"Whoops, by gosh, Jim. Didn't ye see me comin'? Why'ntcha leave the danged door open?"

Dead Man's Hollow was cleaned out years ago and it is a much subdued Rosslyn these days but it still reminds the old-timer of the period when Rosslyn gave color to both Washington and Arlington.

Turkey drives to the markets were unique. One might meet at certain seasons in the year a farmer coming down Lee Highway driving as many as 200 or 300 turkeys ahead of him. At night they'd roost in the trees on Hall's Hill (the turkeys, not the drivers) on Fall Street, starting out again at daylight on the turkey road to destiny, somebody's dinner table in Washington.

XIX

A NEW FRONTIER

HUNDREDS of celebrities, many known all over the world, live tucked away in the cubicles of Arlington apartment dwellings. Not even their next door neighbors are aware of their identity. No over-weaning fondness for the place brought them —they were merely caught in the overflow of incoming hordes to Washington. Many of them have taken root.

Way back in the past century, a General Cushing from New York visited in this vicinity and liked it. Liked it so well that he decided to stay. He became more Southern than the South. Every one for miles around learned of his coming and talked about it. He bought Glebe Mansion from Congressman Van Ness of New York, who wed Davy Burns' daughter. Davy Burns owned the land where the White House now stands. Folk still talk about General Cushing and his coming.

Nowadays, drop into the dime store to buy a goldfish bowl; push your way through to the supermarket butcher; or sip a coke at the drug store and you may rub elbows with the author of the best seller; step on the toes of the Civil Service Commissioner, or the editor of the "confidential release" that comes to your desk each week; or your favorite radio commentator.

How could you know that the lady buying that last chop is the sister of one of the world's greatest stunt fliers since men began winging their way across the horizon? Margery Stinson—whose brother, Eddie Stinson made his final flight in the city of Detroit some ten years ago. Eddie and his mechanic built his planes chalking out a design on the floor of their shop and working up from that. Eddie and "The Red Arrow" wrote glory in the skies in the old days and the young woman in white jodphurs, who stunted with him, was his sister, Margery.

Nor would you believe that the pleasant, round-faced man who waited with you at the Court House Road and Wilson Boulevard of mornings for the bus, was George Cronyn, whose "Fool of Venus," "Fortune and Men's Eyes," "Mermaid Tavern," and "Caesar Stagg" are rated among the classics. Your seat-mate on that bus may be Kenton Kilmer, son of Joyce Kilmer, the poet and poet-writer himself. Or it may be Ruth Mitchell, sister of the great Billy Mitchell, famous flier of World War I—Ruth Mitchell, who fought with Mahailovitch in the Zcheck underground in this war!

And that slender, quick-stepping, keen-eyed man who waits on you at his Cleaning and Dyeing place would never dream of telling you that he is Arthur Keene, Eddie Rickenbacker's gunner, during the first World War.

And that trim officer with tell-tale ribbons across his blouse who just stepped out of the taxi, into which you hopped a moment ago, may be the famous General Taylor, who flew from Germany at Christmas time less than two years ago, to consult his Commander-in-Chief and perhaps steal Christmas Eve with his sons and wife, only to learn that the impending battle he had just left was on and without further ado he flew back, arriving in time to achieve one of the most magnificent victories of all time. That episode took less than four days!

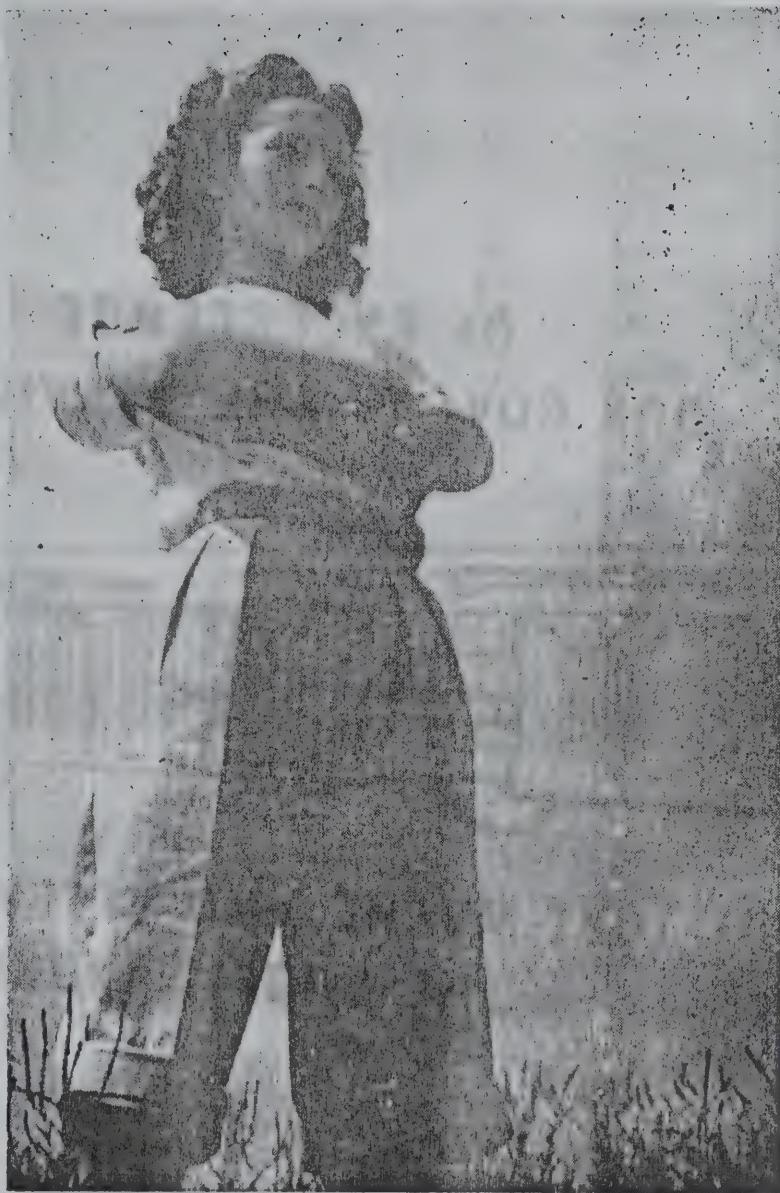
And, that quiet, sad-eyed lady whom you brushed ahead of just now, last December was leaving the house for Red Cross duties when the postman handed her a letter from her husband in Iwo Jima. On opening it, she read the news that their only and beloved son, a young Navy officer, had been killed in battle on his ship and had died in his officer-father's arms. She read the letter through, then again.

Placing it next to her heart, she went on to her volunteer work at the Red Cross—with a grief too deep for tears!

Of such are your neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Arlington. The World has moved in!

For two years, I sat at my desk, listening to proud parents or young wives tell of their heroes and I realized full well that not all of the brave ones were over seas.

Mothers and fathers brought precious snapshots, along with little boxes filled with decorations. They read me citations, eyes



Young Arlington Looks Into The Future.

shining with adoration, and letters galore. I admired the treasures and said, "What a handsome lad!" as I viewed the smiling youths in sweat shirts and freckles, or in sailor uniforms, with the jaunty round caps perched on the back of their heads. Those lads—most of them in their teens—the very backbone of our fighting forces. Who wouldn't gloat over them? You may recall young Brown, fresh out of high school, who couldn't make any of the teams because of a crippled arm. He worried the flying forces in to taking him and made the world forget his crippled arm and won so many medals and citations that he became the idol and the envy of every kid in town. Just a tousled headed boy from Arlington—one of many.

Another time, a quiet-spoken gentleman came to ask me if I had a copy of a picture we had printed a few days before. Three young fellows in a boat attending to some task and the publicity staff of their outfit had sent the picture. That very day, the boy had been killed. The word had just been received unofficially.

It seemed to me that the lump in my throat was becoming a permanent institution!

The incident that brought sorrow to me, happened outside the office. On my way home one evening, I saw my neighbor's door standing wide open. In front of the house was a taxi. A small group got out—a nurse in white, an orderly, and an elderly man. A tall, handsome young man was being helped into a wheel chair.

"Good," I thought. "Mrs. X's son has come home!"

Yes, the boy has come home. They lifted him into the chair before I reached them. Both of his feet and one hand were gone!

To sound a more cheerful note, I dined at the pretty little Hot Shoppe a block down the road last night. Being very early, I took my favorite table in one corner near a window. (I always prefer a seat with my back to the wall, probably having been shot at sunrise in one of my former lives!) It is a pleasant pastime, watching the people, especially those with small children.

A distinguished looking man, with a very stiff leg, but no cane, came into the dining room. With him was a very beautiful lady. Both were well dressed and interesting-looking. The man said a few words to the hostess, who hurried out. In a moment she returned. With her was a strikingly fine-looking young man

tall and straight. He wore the white uniform of a chef, without the cap. The older man rose and went to greet him. When the hostess left, the two men sat down for a few moments and chatted with the beautiful lady. Then the younger man took his leave, the older man standing as he went.

What was it all about? Who knows?

Folks, do you wonder why I say that I have been very close to the heart of Arlington? Well, the book—which I am bringing to a close, (I hope) has been a joy to write. What I planned to write was merely a slender volume. But it grows out of hand. Frankly I was less concerned about writing the history of Arlington than to preserve the picture of Arlington as I, an outsider, know and love it.

Arlington has really come to the fork in her road to Destiny. Entering a new cycle, to make of it what she will, she is actually A NEW FRONTIER, whether she knows it or not or whether she likes it or not. The past is gone and in a few generations will be forgotten—until some one like me comes along to resurrect it for the enjoyment of Arlington's posterity.

The following quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson best expresses what I wish to say:

"Teach men that each generation begins the world afresh, in perfect freedom; that the present is not the prisoner of the past, but that today holds captive all the yesterdays, to judge, to accept, to reject their teachings, as they are shown by its own morning sun."

—————The End.————

APPENDIX

CHURCH DIRECTORY OF ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

BAHA'I FAITH:

Arlington Assembly of the Baha'is

BAPTIST CHURCHES:

Arlington Baptist, 8th and Monroe Streets, South
Minister: Rev. Len F. Stevens

Ballston Baptist, 9th and Stuart Streets, North

Bon Air Baptist, Wilson Blvd. near North Jefferson
Minister: Rev. U. S. Knox

Cherrydale Baptist, 21st and Quebec Streets, North
Minister: Rev. Robert L. Ryerse

Clarendon First Baptist, Wilson Blvd and Highland, North,
Minister: Rev. Frank L. Snyder

First Baptist, 1827 North Moore Street. (Negro)
Minister: Rev. J. D. Catlett

Glebe Baptist, 2308 26th Street, South
Minister: Rev. James W. Farmer

Grace Primitive Baptist, Pershing Drive & N. Fillmore
Minister: A. J. Garland

Macedonia Baptist, 22nd St. and Glebe Road, South (Negro)
Minister: Rev. S. W. Phillips

Mt. Olive Baptist Church, 1600 14th St. (Negro)
Minister: Rev. Aaron Mackley

Mt. Salvation Baptist, 2000 N. Culpepper St. (Negro)
Minister: Rev. N. R. Richardson

Mt. Vernon Baptist, 23rd and Joyce Streets, South
Minister: Rev. Willard R. Pierce

Mt. Zion Baptist, 19th and Langley Sts., South (Negro)
Minister: Rev. James E. Green

St. John's Baptist, Columbia Pike and Scott St. (Negro)
Minister: Rev. James H. Marshall

United Baptist, 1815 North Quincy St.
Minister: Rev. Elmen Lucas

Westover Baptist, Washington Blvd & N. Patrick Henry
Drive
Minister: W. Barker Hardison

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST (CHRISTIAN) CHURCHES:

Pershing Drive Christian, Pershing Drive and North Highland
Minister: Rev. Berwyn E. Jones

Wilson Boulevard Christian, Wilson Blvd and N. Piedmont
St.
Minister: Rev. Glendale Burton

EPISCOPAL CHURCHES:

Church of St. Clement Episcopal, Seminary Road, Fairlington
Minister: Rev. D. W. Betts

Epiphany Episcopal, 2001 North Quincy St.
Minister: Rev. W. Preston Peyton

Grace Episcopal, Lorcom Lane and North Fillmore St.
Minister: Rev. W. Preston Peyton

St. George's Episcopal, 9th and Nelson Sts., North
Minister: Rev. Hedley J. Williams

St. John's Episcopal Chapel, 4th and Lexington Sts., South
Minister: (Theological Student Supply)

St. Mary's Episcopal, 2609 North Glebe Road
Minister: Rev. George F. Tittmann

St. Michael's Episcopal, 5211 North Washington Blvd.
Minister: Rev. Alfred St. John Matthews

Trinity Episcopal, Columbia Pike and South Wayne St.
Minister: Rev. Ernest H. Williams

EVANGELICAL AND REFORMED CHURCH:

Bethel Evangelical and Reformed, 4347 Lee Blvd.
Minister: Rev. Lee A. Peeler

HEBREW:

Arlington Jewish Center, 3150 Wilson Blvd.
President: Dr. Frank Feldman
Rabbi: Rabbi Ira Sud

HOLINESS CHURCHES:

First Church of Christ, 1825 North Columbus St. (Negro)
Minister: Rev. Ellis K. McFadden

Leeway Holiness, 27th and Harrison Sts., North
Minister: Rev. Clark M. Floor

CATHOLIC CHURCHES:

Blessed Sacrament, Seminary and Braddock Roads
Ministers: Rev. Martin T. Quinn
Rev. Vincent L. Campi
Rectory: 1707 West Braddock Road

Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic, 23rd and Hayes Sts., South
Minister: Rev. L. J. Koster, Pastor
Rectory 24 Forrest St., Alexandria

Our Lady Queen of Peace, 19th and Edgewood Sts., South
(Negro) Minister: Rev. Joseph B. Hackett
2469 S. Lowell Street

St. Agnes' Catholic, 21st and Randolph Sts., North
Minister: Rev. Robert E. Hannon, Pastor
Rector: 4049 21st St., North

St. Charles' Catholic, 3304 North Washington Blvd.
Minister: Rev. John A. Curran, Pastor
: 3304 N. Washington Blvd.

St. Thomas More's Catholic, Lee Blvd and North Thomas St.
Minister: Rev. Arthur J. Taylor, Pastor
Rectory: 110 North Glebe Road

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES:

Christian Science Society, 1913 Wilson Blvd.

First Church of Christ, Scientist
Fairfax Drive and Little Falls Road., Falls
Church

CHURCH OF CHRIST:

Arlington Church of Christ, 20 North Irving Street
Evangelists: Mr. Harry W. Pickup

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATER DAY SAINTS:

Arlington Ward, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day
Saints, Arlington Village Community Hall
Minister: Bishop Byron F. Dixon

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH:

Rock Spring Congregational, 5010 North Little Falls Road
Minister: Rev. Paul R. Hunter

INDEPENDENT CHURCHES:

Barcroft Community, 8th and Buchanan Sts., South
Minister: Rev. August Kramer

Church of the Open Door, 1504 North Rolfe St.
Minister: Rev. W. M. Seligman

Colonial Community Church, 1738 Wilson Boulevard
Minister: Rev. Charles O. Benham

LUTHERAN CHURCHES:

Faith Lutheran, Lee Boulevard and N. Jackson Street
Minister: Rev. Robert W. Long

Our Savior Lutheran, 9th and Taylor Streets, South
Minister: Rev. Paul M. Kavasch

Resurrection Lutheran, Washington Boulevard and N. Pow-
hatan St.
Minister: Position vacant

Peace Lutheran, 1730 Wilson Boulevard
Minister: Rev. Joel Lundein

METHODIST CHURCHES:

Arlington Methodist, Columbia Pike and South Fillmore St.
Minister: Rev. Joseph S. Johnston

Arlington Forest Methodist, Lee Blvd and Henderson Road

Minister: Rev. Harry G. Balthis

Calloway Methodist, 5000 Lee Highway (Negro)

Minister: Rev. Nathaniel P. Minor

Calvary Methodist, 23rd and Grant Streets, South

Minister: Rev. T. G. Betschler

Central Methodist, Fairfax Drive and North Stafford Street.

Minister: Rev. J. H. Carroll

Cherrydale Methodist, 20th and Monroe Streets, North

Minister: Rev. W. Hedley Clews

Christ Methodist, Lee Highway and N. Kentucky Street

Minister: Rev. Ferd Wagner

Clarendon Methodist, 6th and Irving Streets, North

Minister: Rev. H. P. Myers

Community Methodist, Key Boulevard and N. Bryan Street

Minister: Rev. W. W. Norris

Fairlington Community Methodist, Fairlington, Leesburg Pike between South Wakefield Street and Shirley Highway

Minister: Rev. Eugene Peacock

Lomax African Methodist Episcopal Zion (Negro)

2440 South Glebe Road

Minister: Rev. H. J. Callis

Mount Olivet Methodist, Glebe Road and 16th Street, North

Minister: Rev. A. G. Lynch

Walker's Chapel, Glebe Road and North Dittmar Road

Minister: Rev. Burnell Pannill

NAZARENE CHURCHES:

Arlington Nazarene, 680 North Glebe Road
Minister: Rev. Lawrence W. Conway

First Church of the Nazarene, 21st and Troy Sts., North
Minister: Rev. F. N. Bradley

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES:

Arlington Presbyterian, 3507 Columbia Pike
Minister: Rev. Walter F. Wolf

Clarendon Presbyterian, 1314 North Irving Street
Minister: Rev. Isaac Steenson

First Presbyterian, Glebe Road at Wilson Boulevard
Minister: Rev. George H. Yount

Trinity Presbyterian, 5211 North Washington Boulevard
Minister: Rev. J. Harvey Glass

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH:

Arlington Seventh-Day Adventist, 1101 South Glebe Road
Minister: Rev. Martin E. Kemmerer

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